

A DELL COMIC
DELL
A DELL COMIC

SEPTEMBER

10¢

and **Tom Jerry** comics

A 52 PAGE COMIC MAGAZINE





YOU'LL GET
A BIG KICK OUT OF
TOM and Jerry
in Every ISSUE!

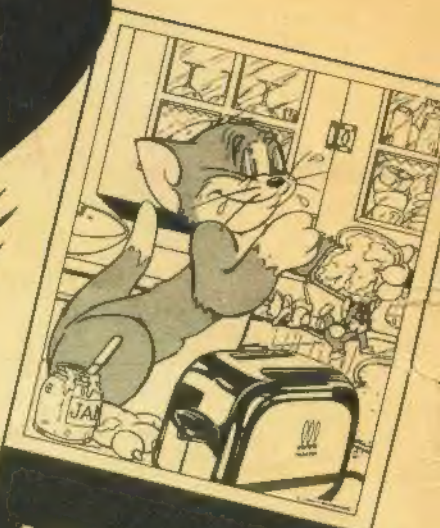
and remember ...
DELL COMICS
ARE
GOOD COMICS



**EACH PAGE PACKED WITH
FUN AND LAUGHS**

• The new pranks **TOM AND JERRY** play on each other will be funnier, better than ever ... And what grand fun to own real action photos of your little pals! **FREE** when you subscribe to **TOM AND JERRY Comics**. 12 Big Issues — \$1.00.

and you'll get
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Giant 5" x 7" Pin-up of
TOM AND JERRY
in Beautiful Color ...

Portrait is:

- ✓ Ready for Framing
- ✓ Sturdy and Durable
- ✓ Wonderful Gift
- ✓ Ideal for Clubroom

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COUPON
TODAY!



CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

M-G-M. CARTOONS

present

TOM and JERRY

I'LL GO PUT MY COSTUME ON NOW, JERRY?

RIGHT, TUFFY! TOM SHOULD APPRECIATE THIS ON SUCH A HOT DAY!

HEY, TOM! TUFFY JUST DISCOVERED HOW TO MAKE RAIN!

HUH... DON'T BE SILLY!

NO KIDDIN'! HE'S A REAL RAIN MAKER!

THIS I'LL HAVE TO SEE!

NO NOISE, PLEASE! I'M THINKING!

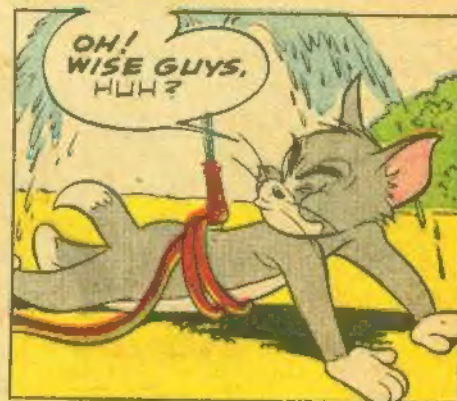
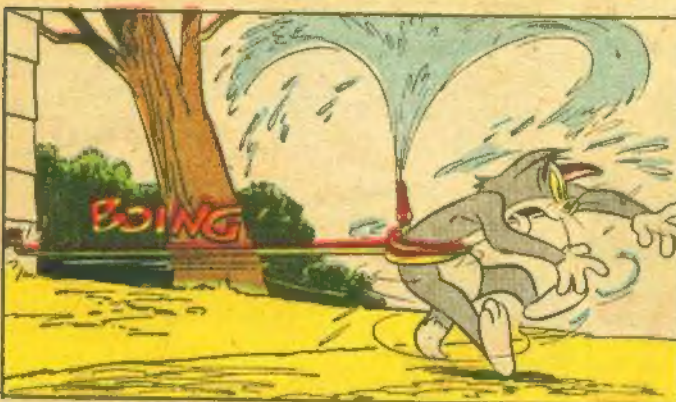
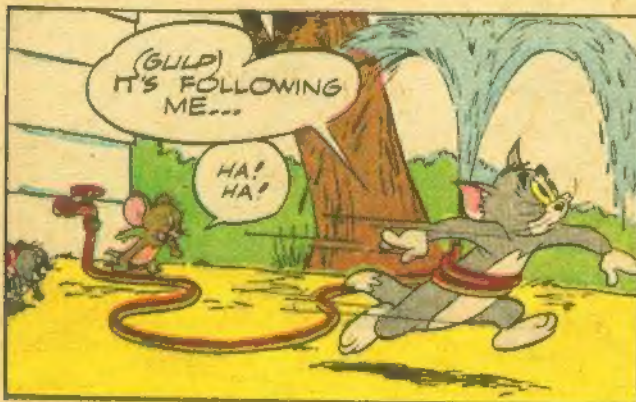
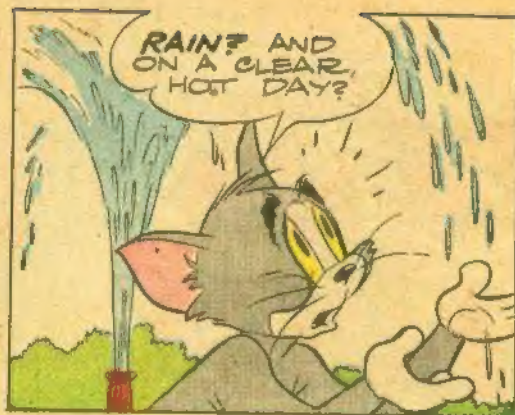
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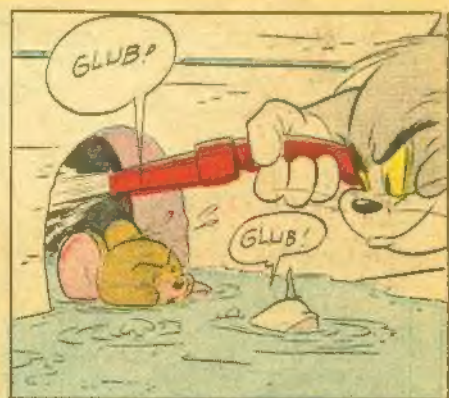
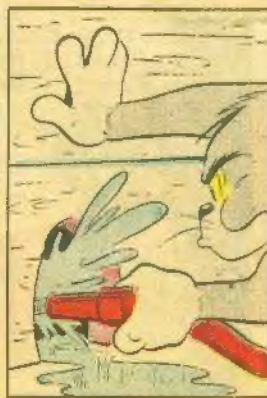
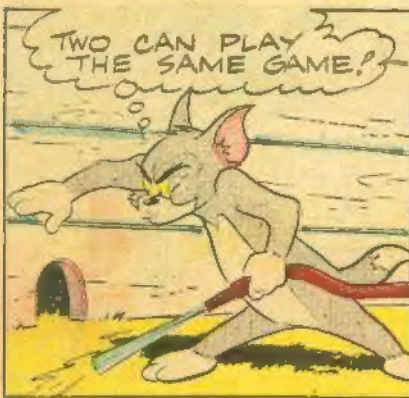
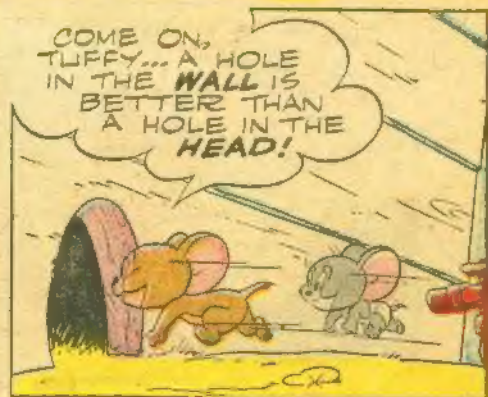
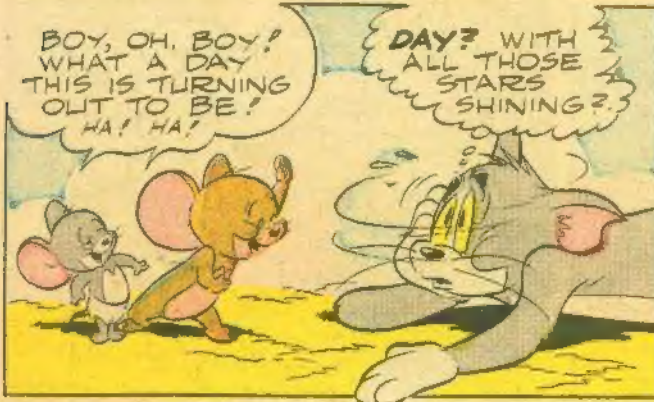
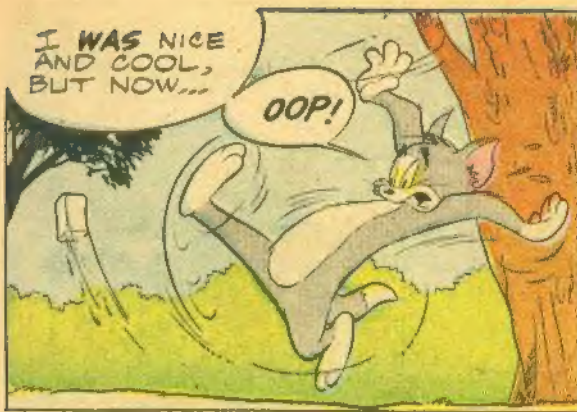
I SEE LOTS OF RAIN COMING THIS WAY!

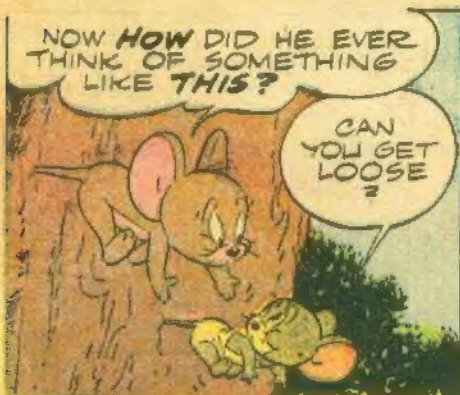
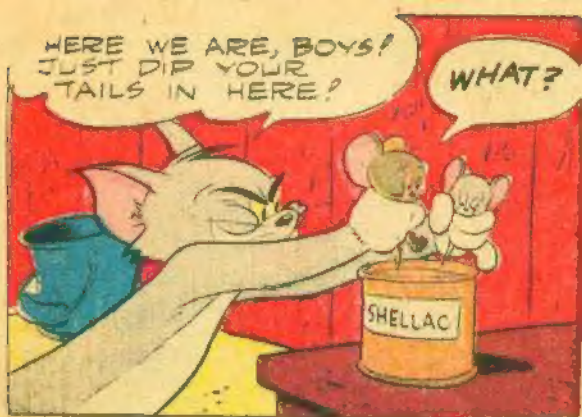
DON'T KID ME! THERE ISN'T A CLOUD IN THE SKY!

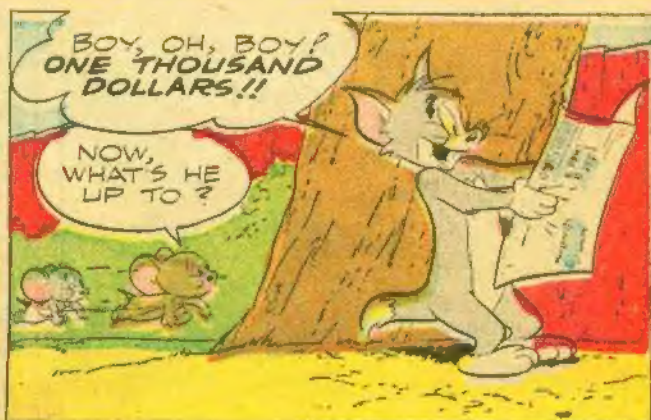
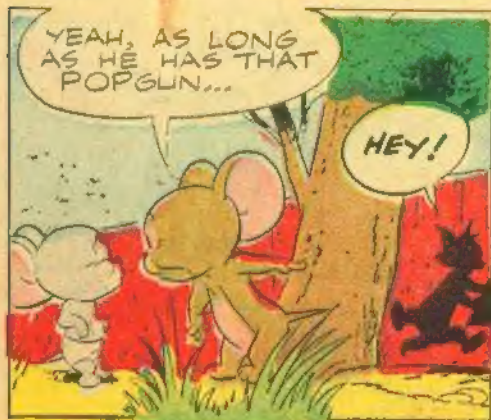
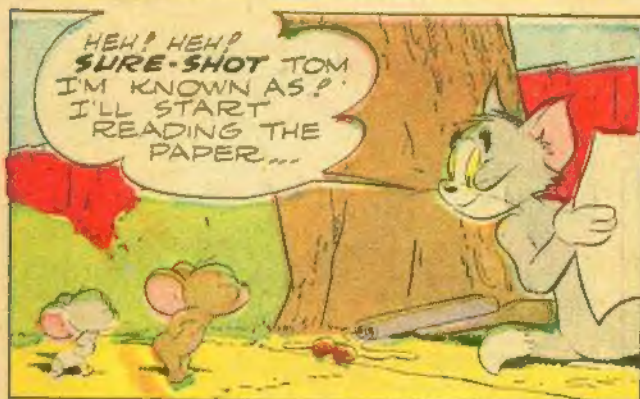
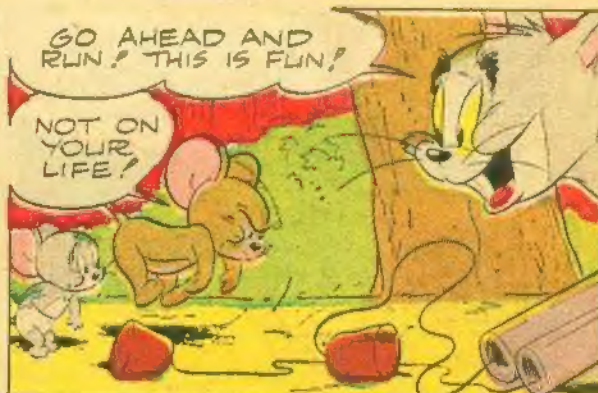
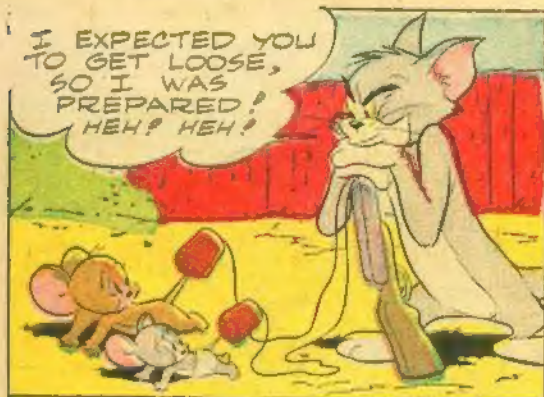
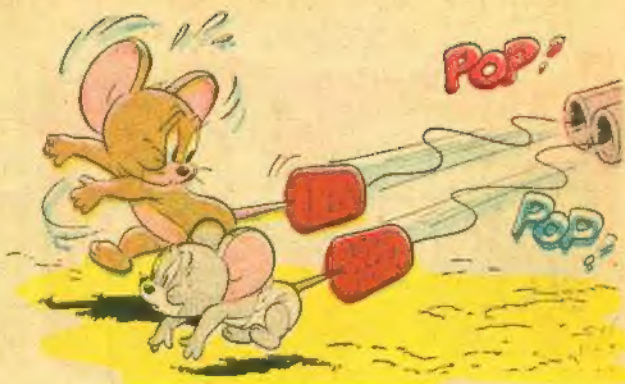
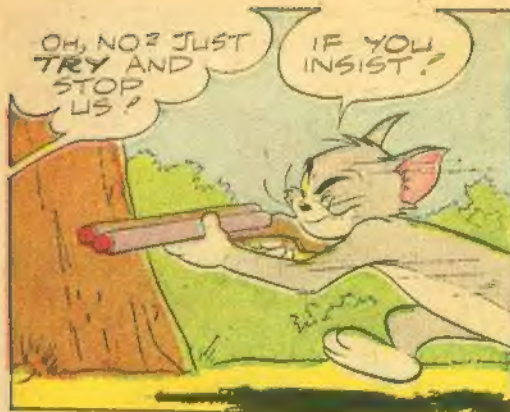
PHOOEY! I'M GOING BACK TO SLEEP AND DON'T BOTHER ME AGAIN!

YOU HAVE MADE THE RAIN GODS ANGRY! RAIN SHALL FOLLOW YOU WHEREVER YOU GO!









TAKE A LOOK! OL' TOM IS GOING TO WIN **FIRST PRIZE** OR I'LL NEVER TOUCH A GUN AGAIN!

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS FIRST PRIZE SKEET SHOOT TODAY!!

SEE YOU LATER, KIDS... SORRY YOU CAN'T WATCH A **CHAMPION** AT WORK!

SUCH COCKINESS!

AND JUST WHAT IS A **SKEET SHOOT**?

OH, A MACHINE THROWS CLAY PIGEONS UP IN THE AIR...

...THEN THEY SHOOT AT THEM WITH A SHOTGUN?

HOW SILLY! BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD CHANCE TO FOUL UP TOM!

LET'S GO! HE'S GETTING TO BE TOO SURE OF HIMSELF!

SAY! I THINK WE CAN USE THIS!

LATER...

READY, TOM?

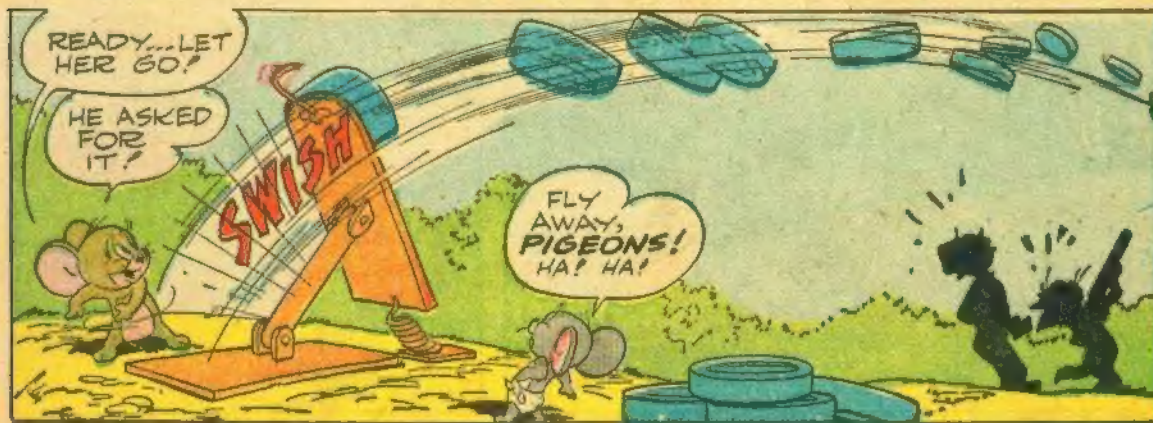
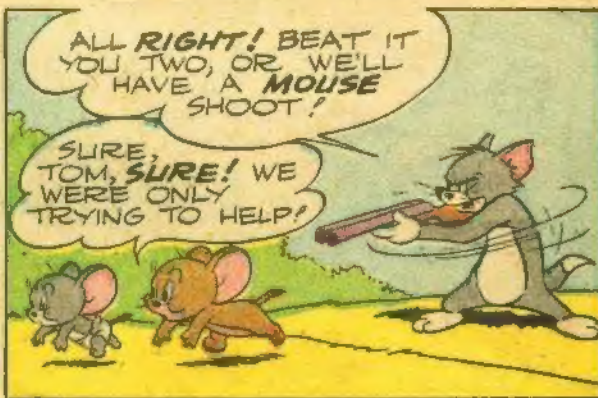
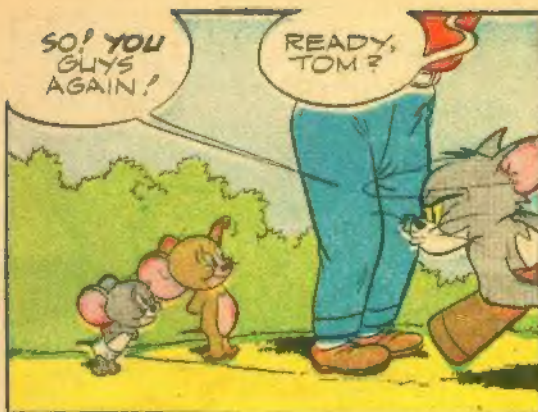
RIGHT... LET HER GO!

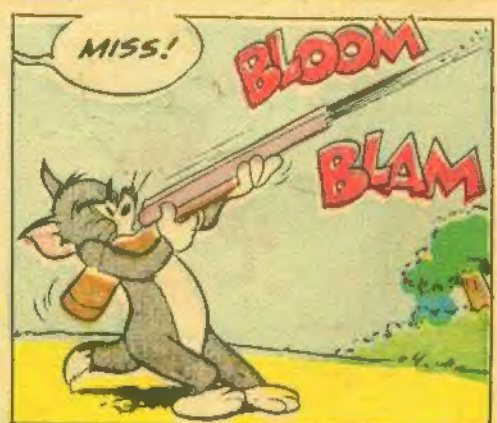
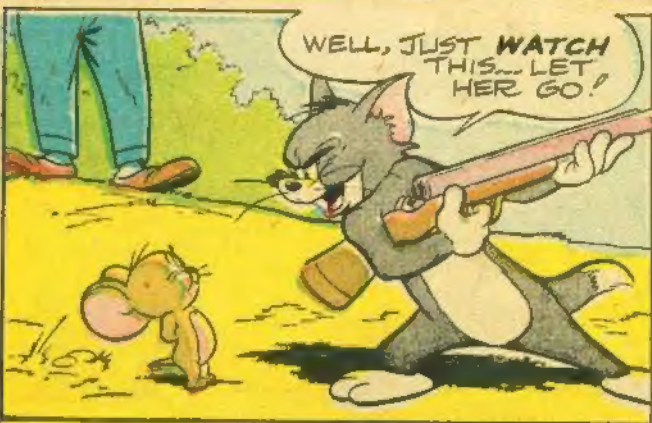
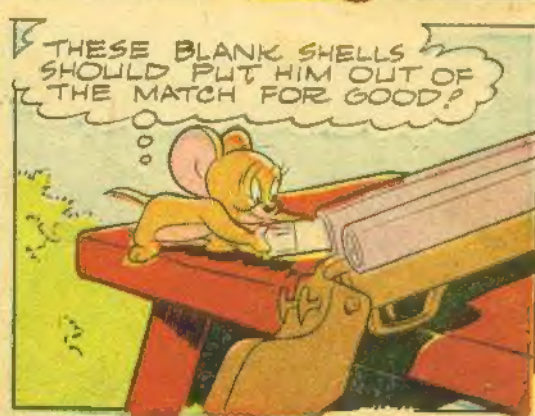
WE MADE IT JUST IN TIME!

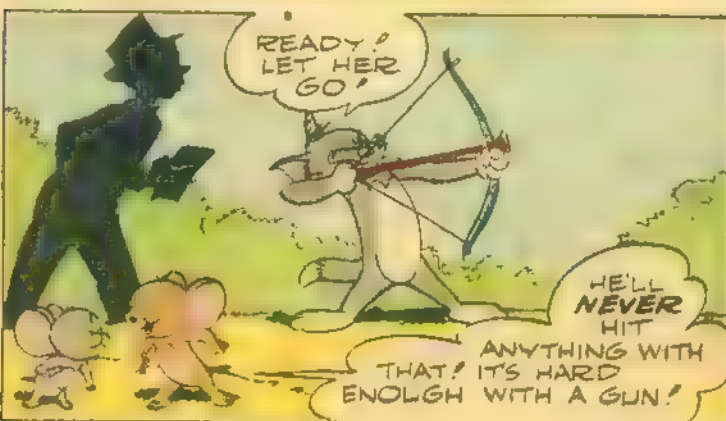
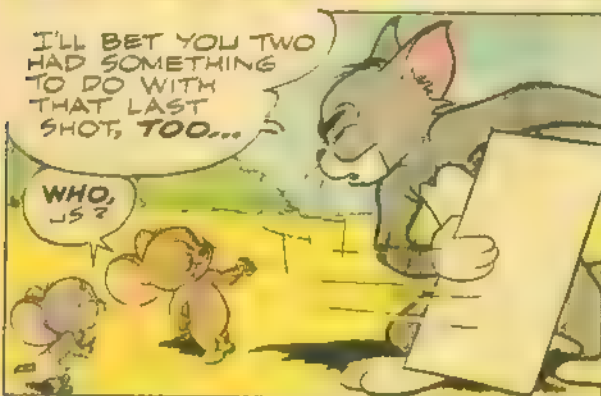
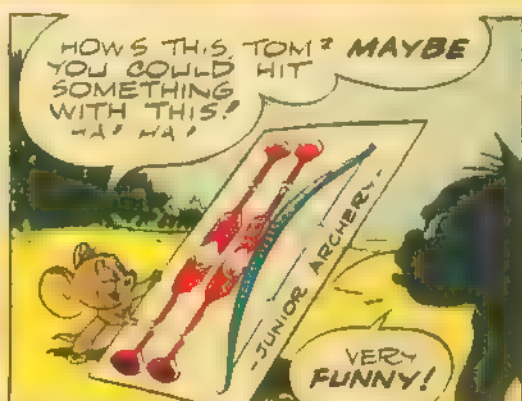
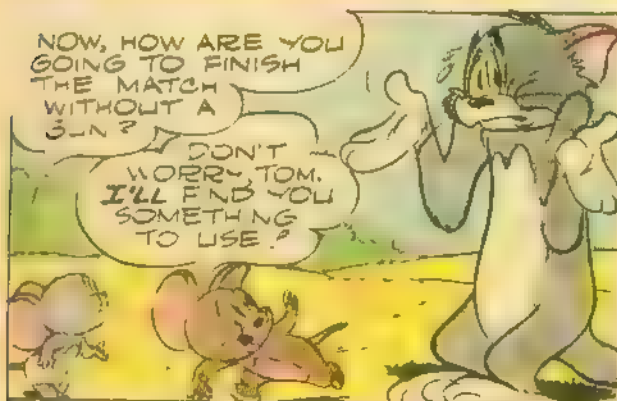
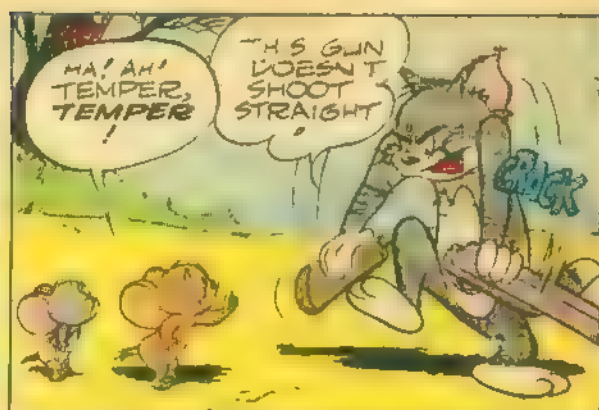
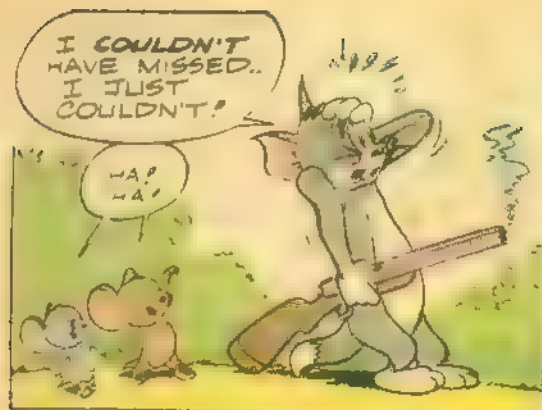
HEH! HEH! THIS IS A **CINCH**!

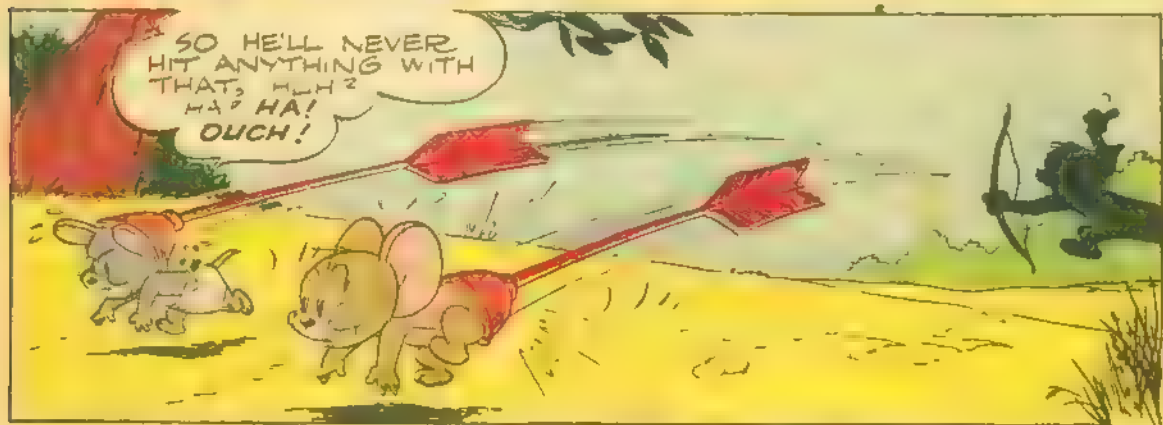
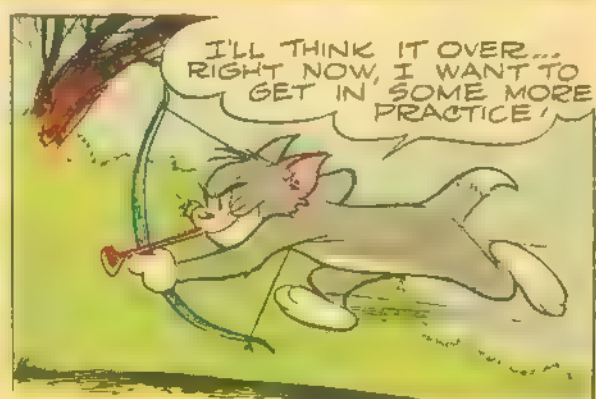
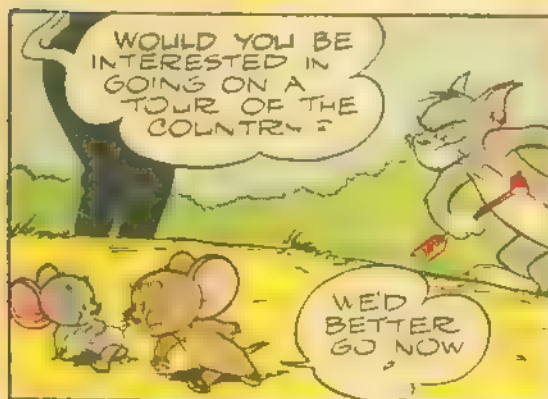
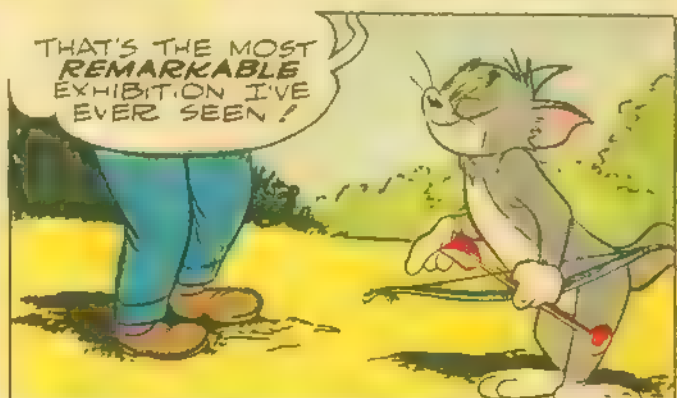
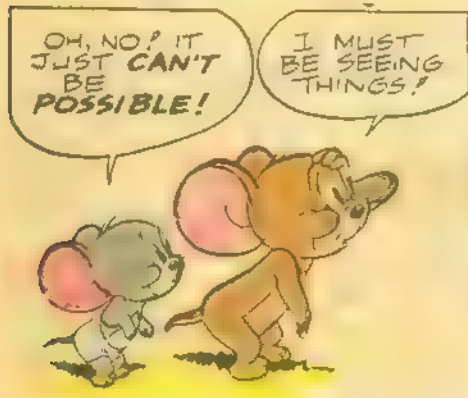
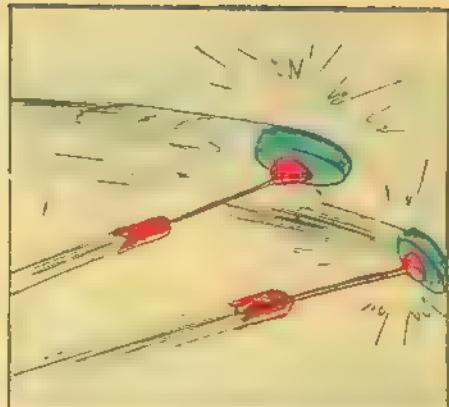
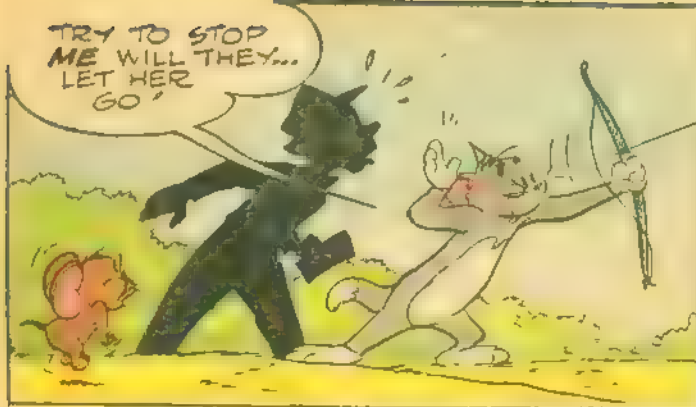
MISS!

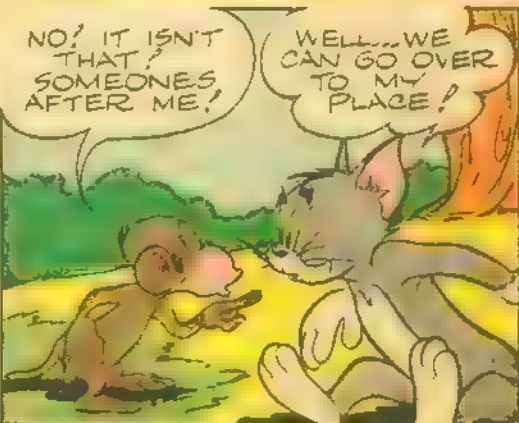
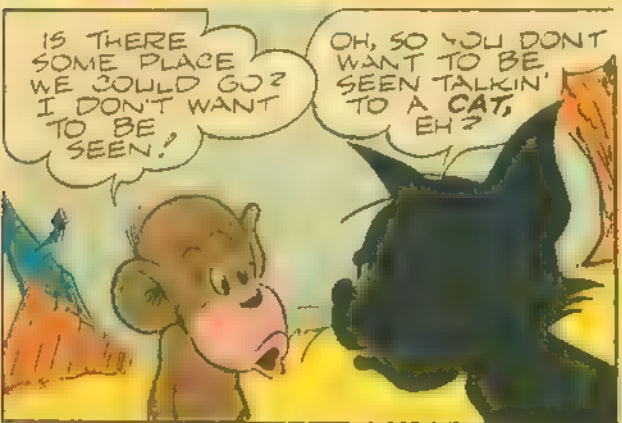
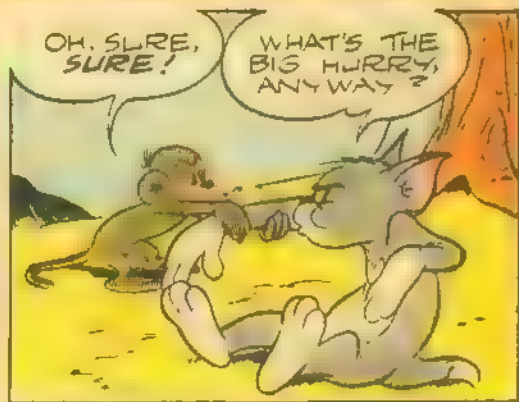
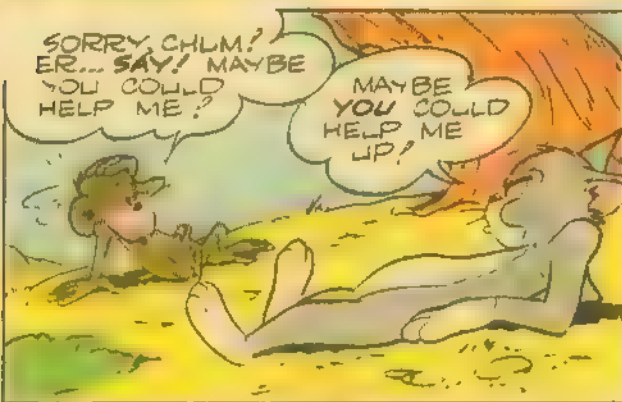
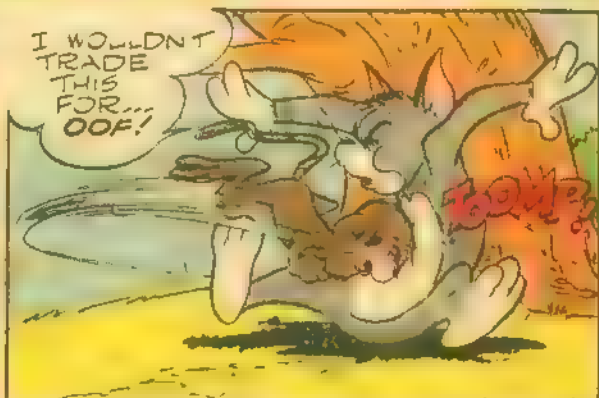
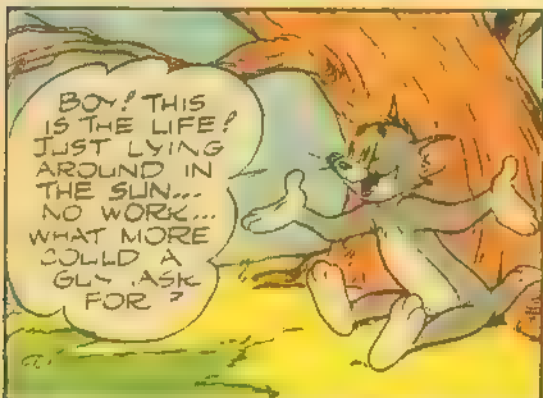
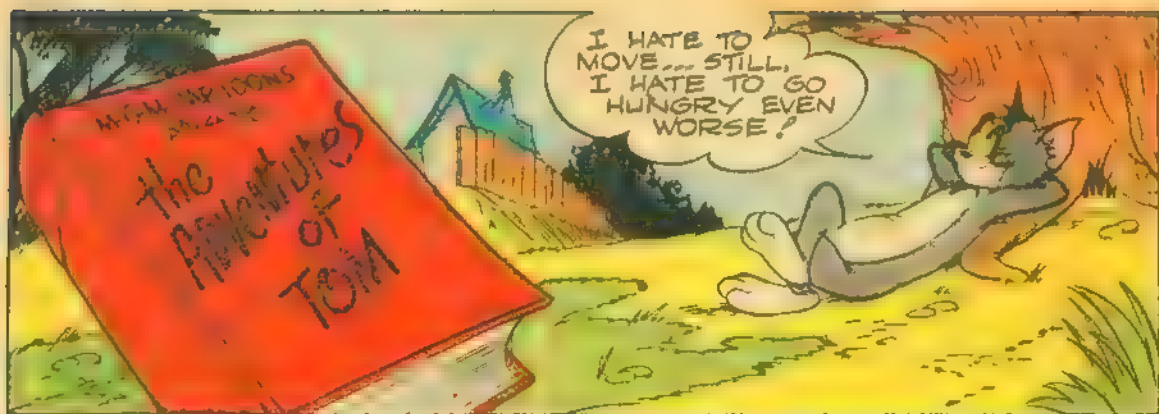
BOOM

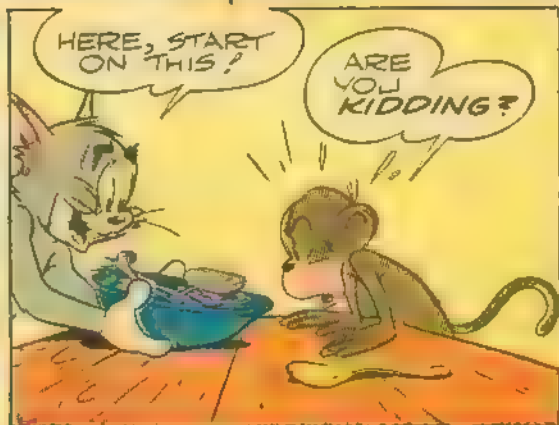
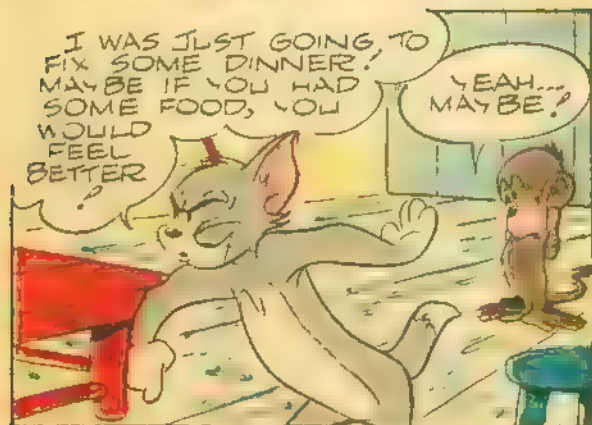
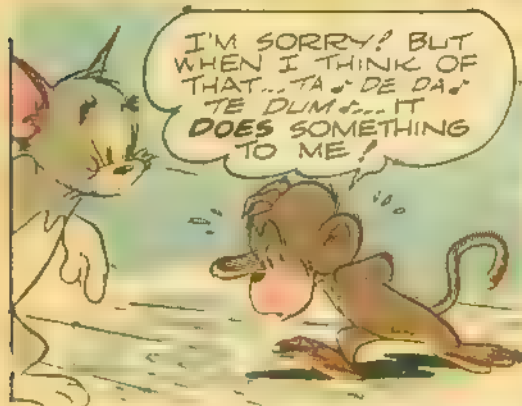
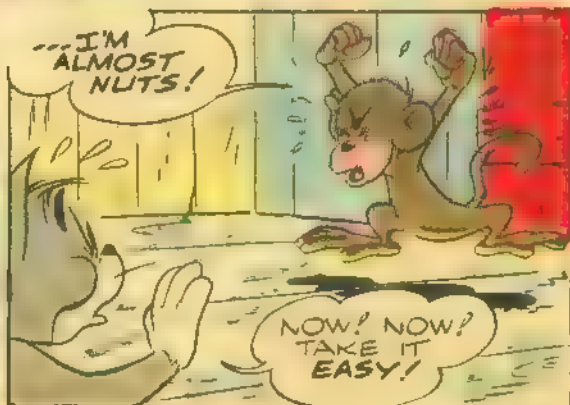
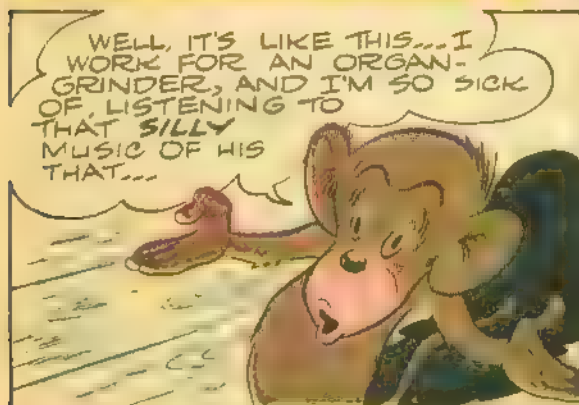
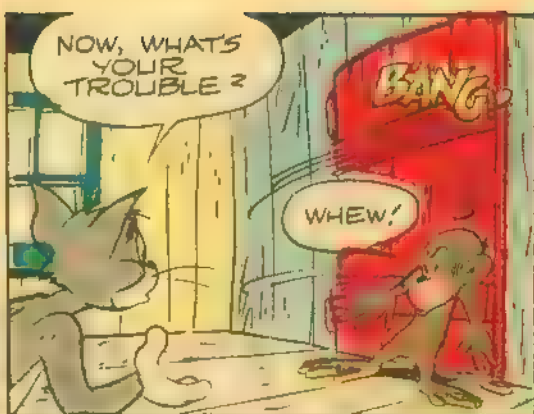
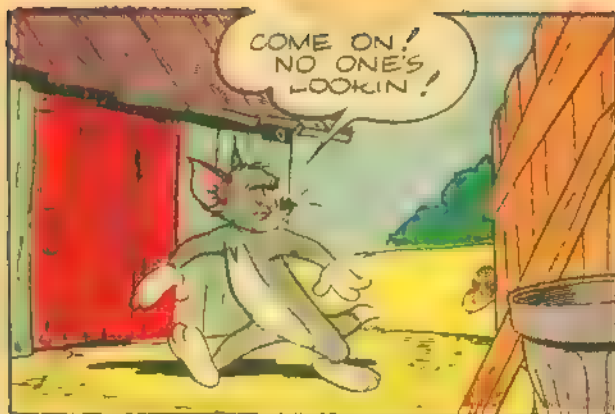


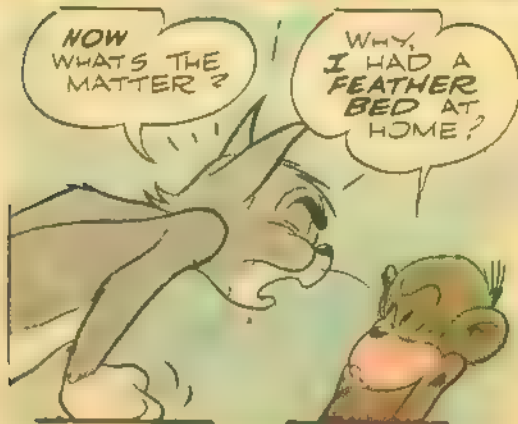
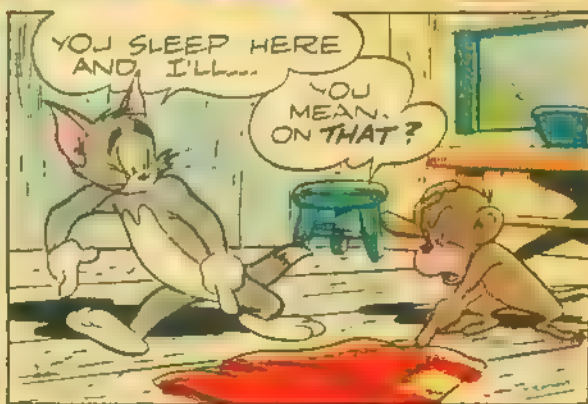
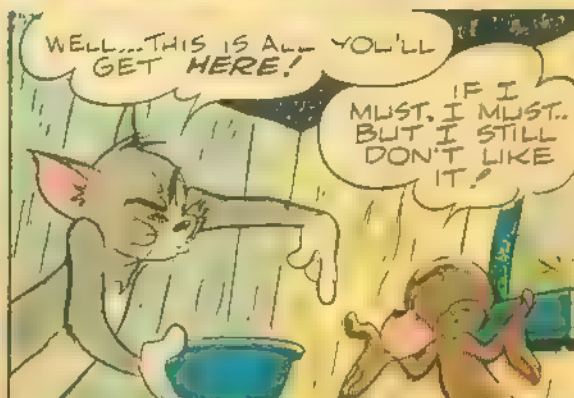
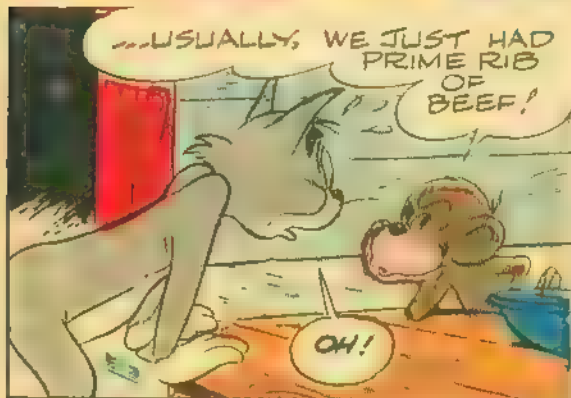
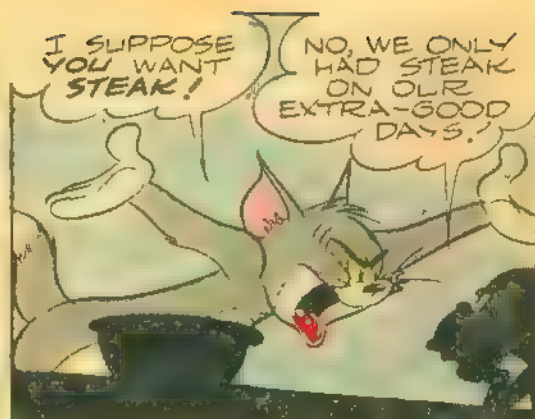
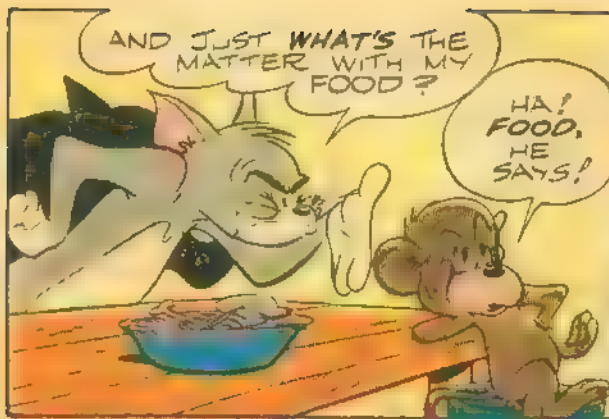


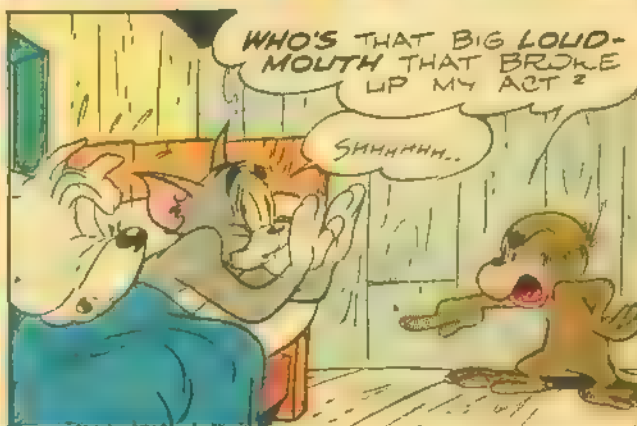
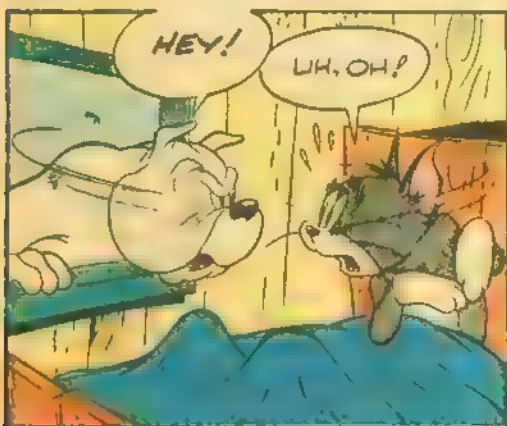
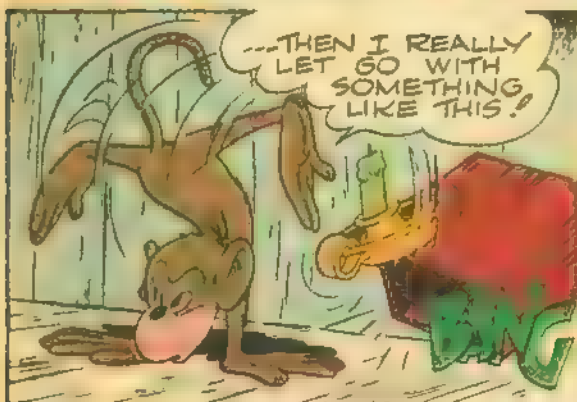
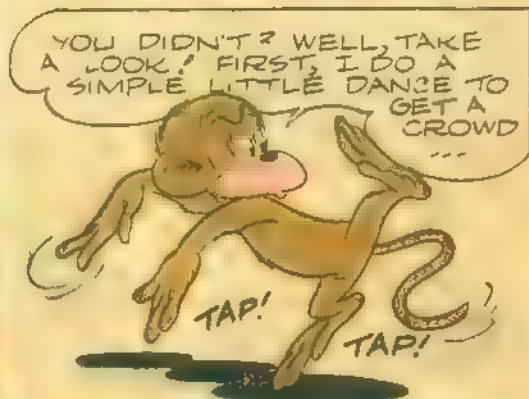
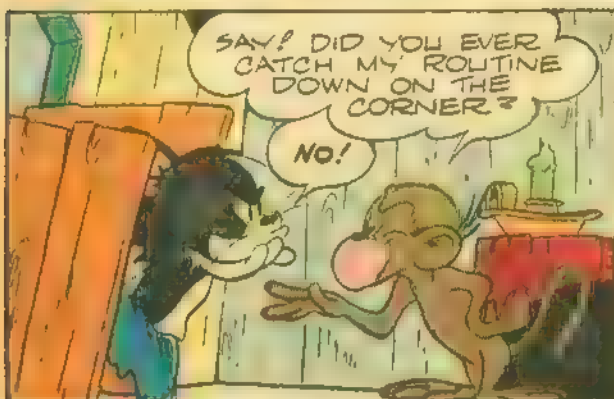
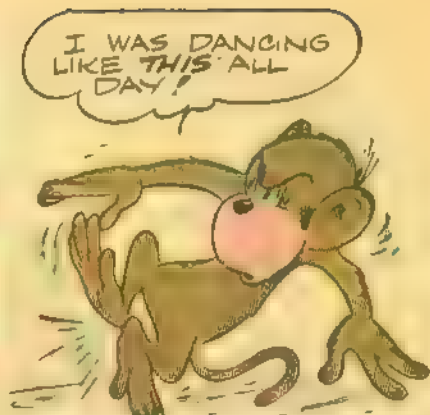
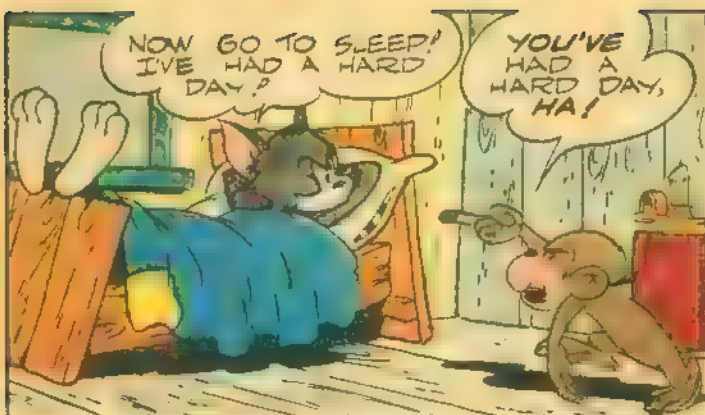


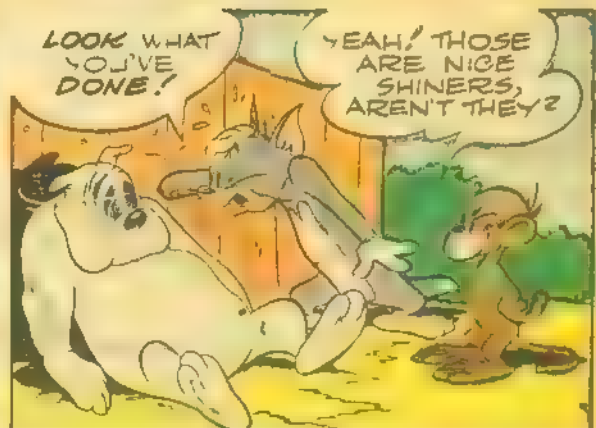
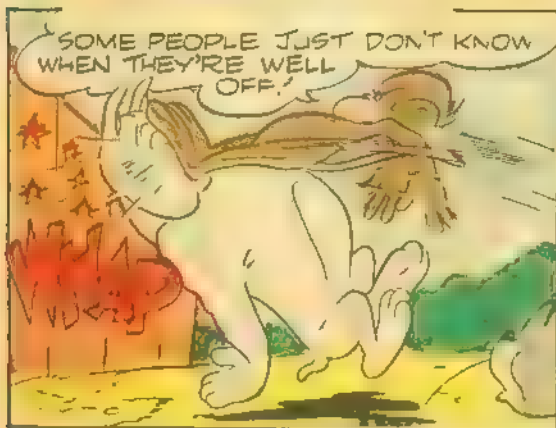
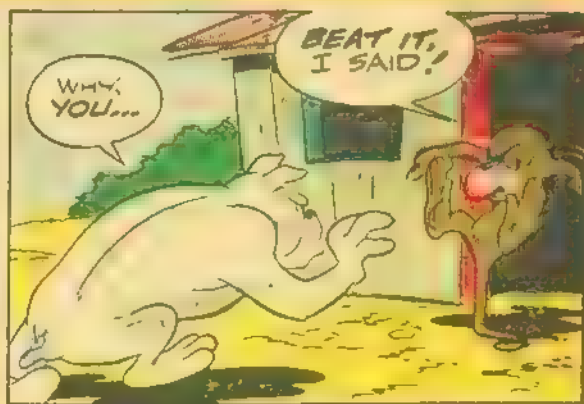
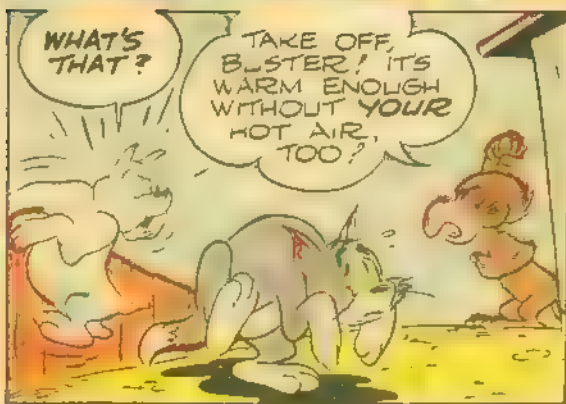
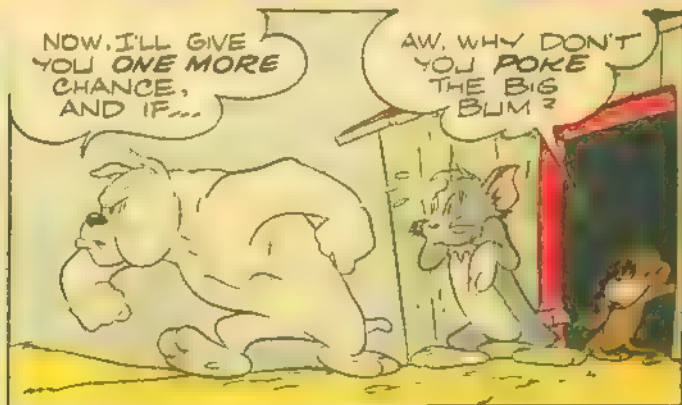
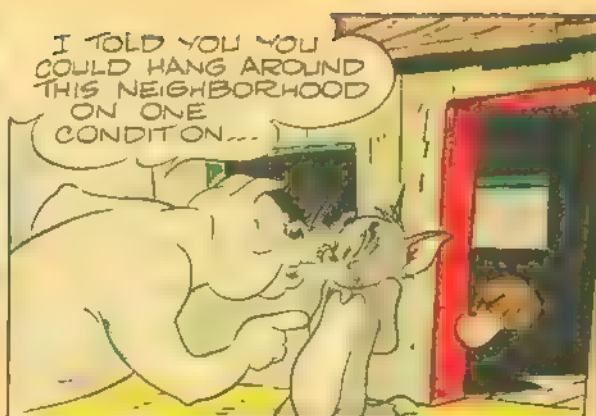
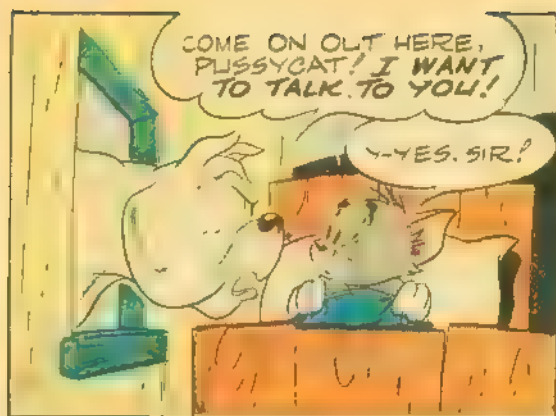


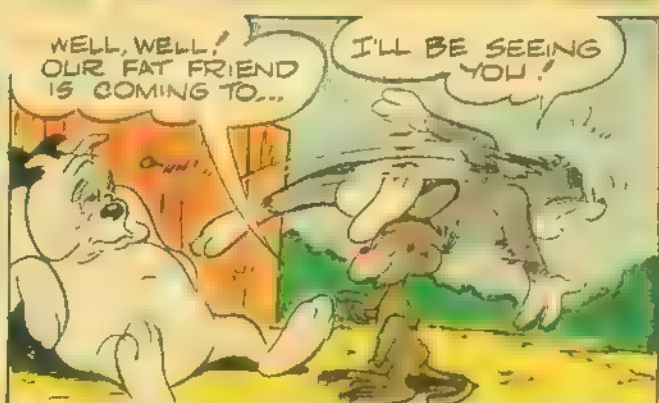
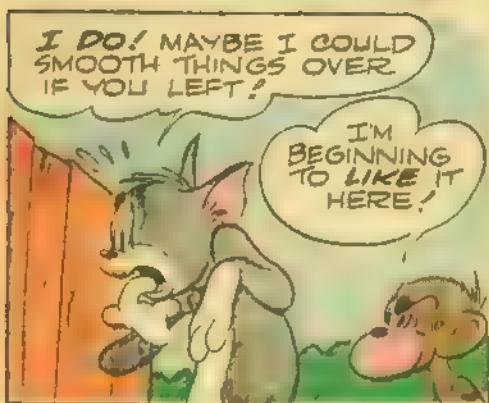
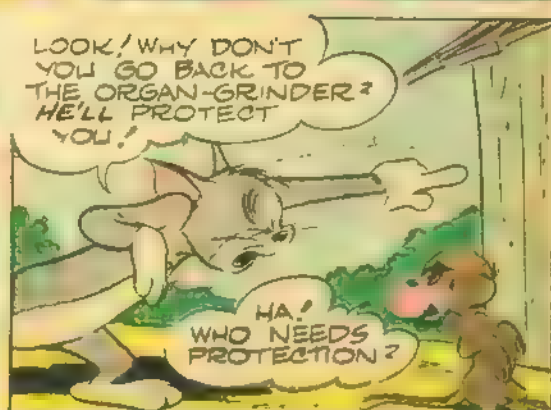
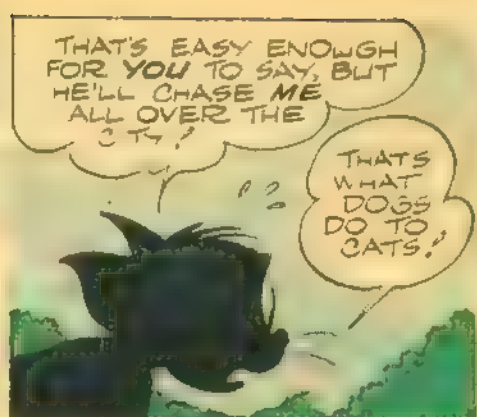
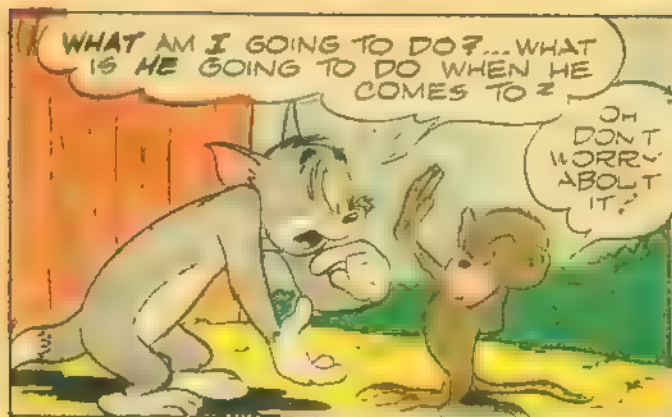










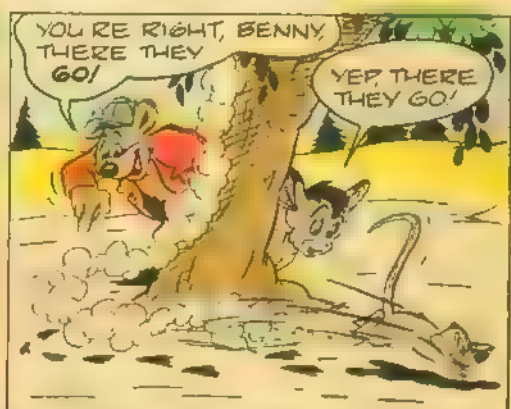
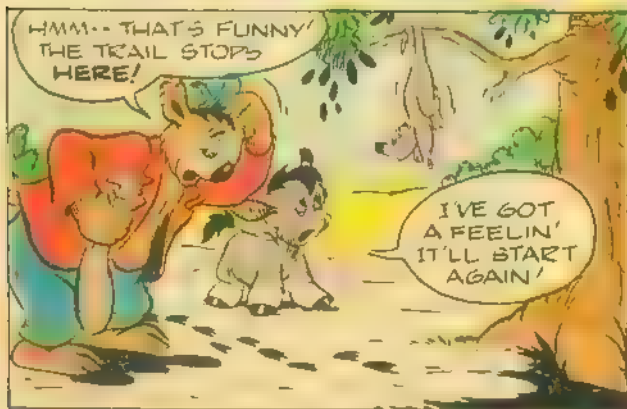
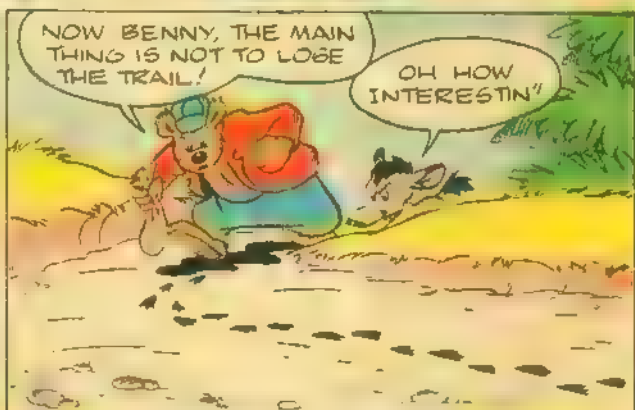
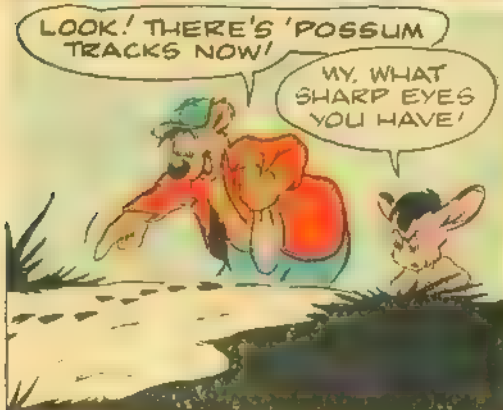
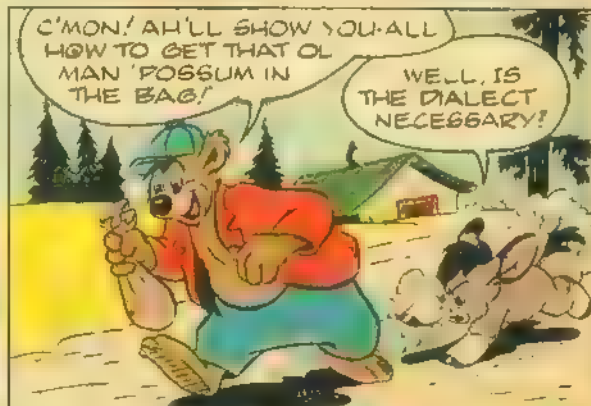
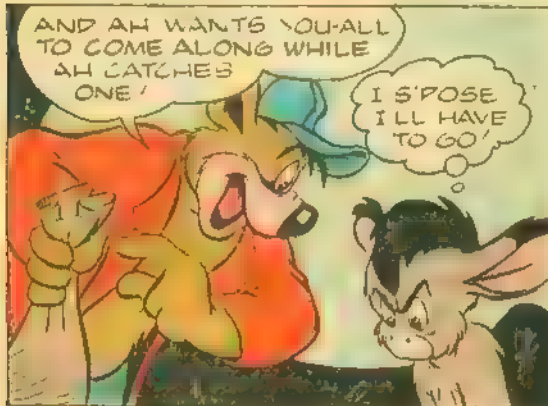


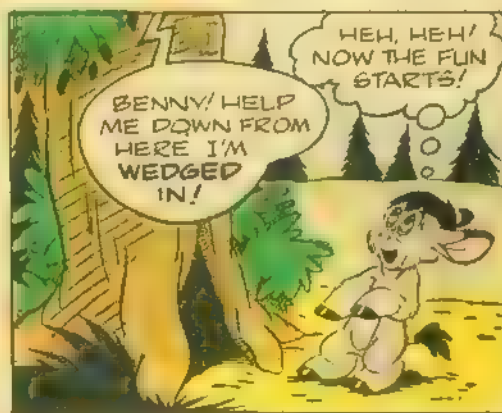
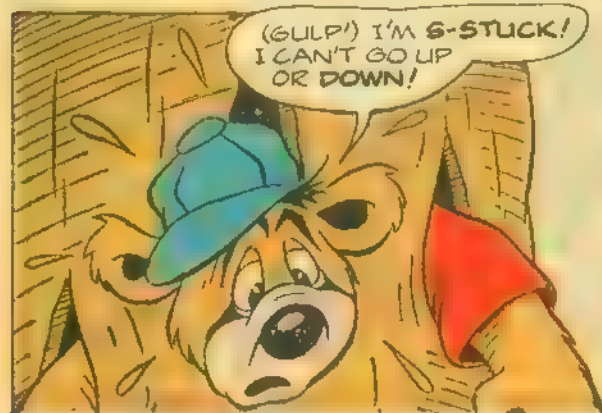
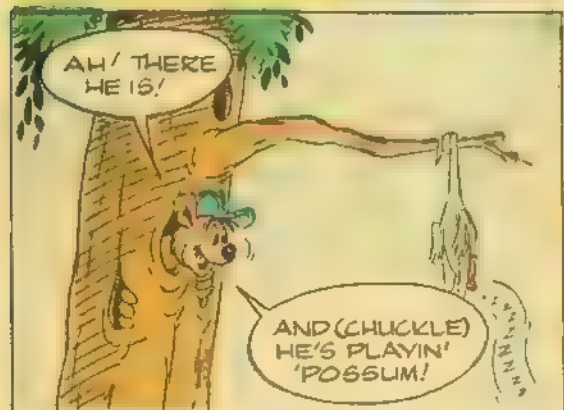
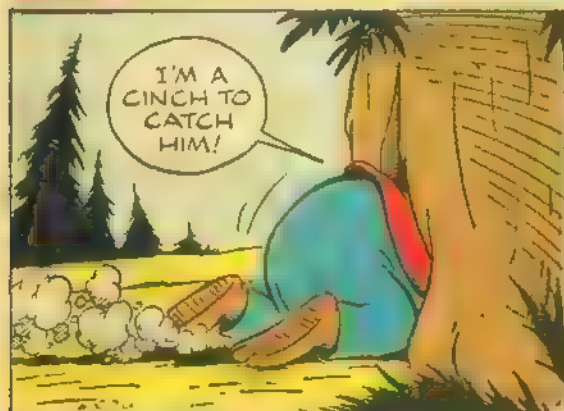
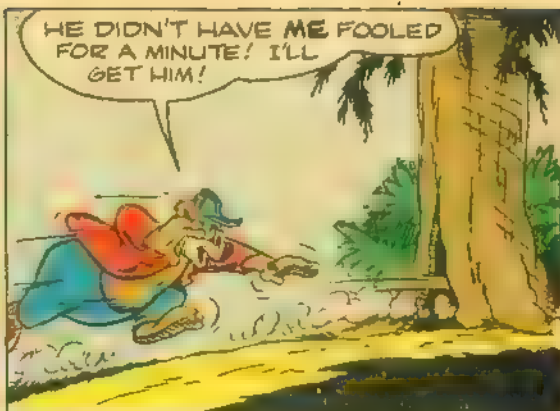
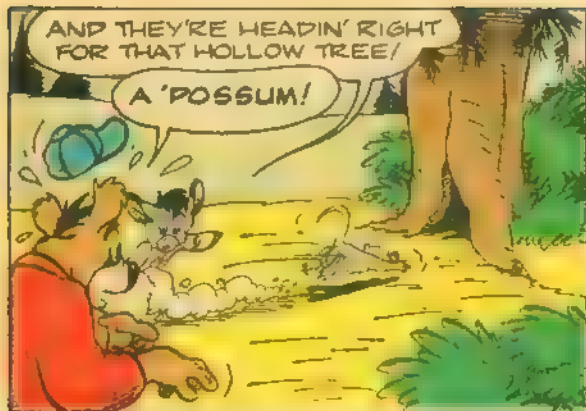
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PRESENT

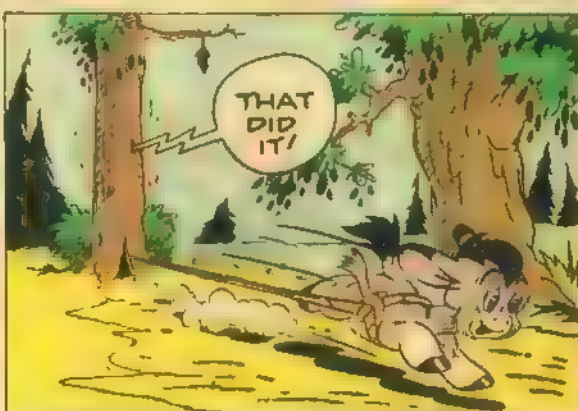
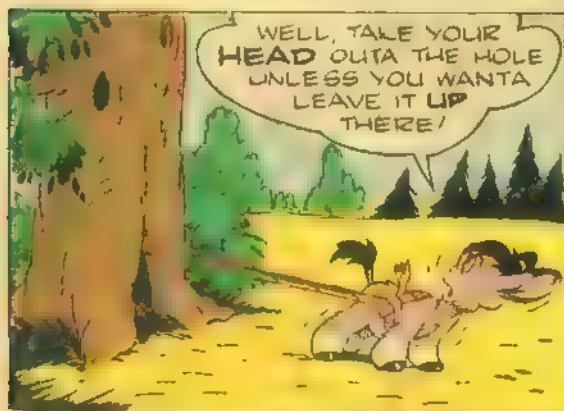
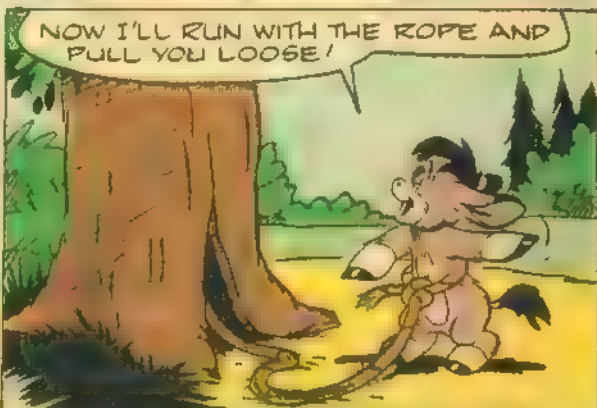
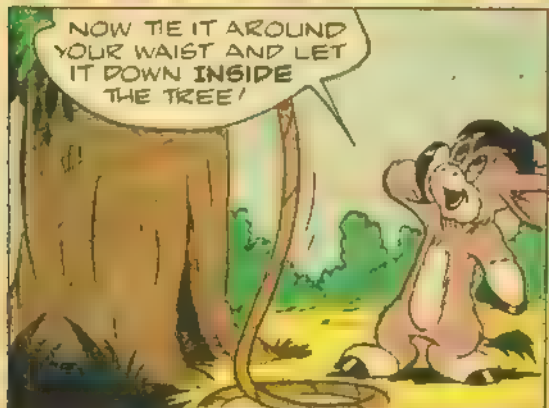
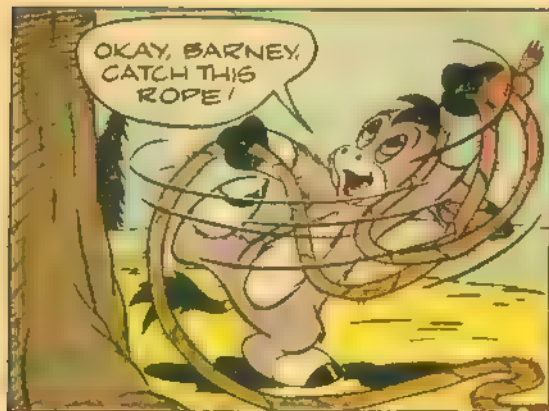
BARNEY AND BENNY BURRO

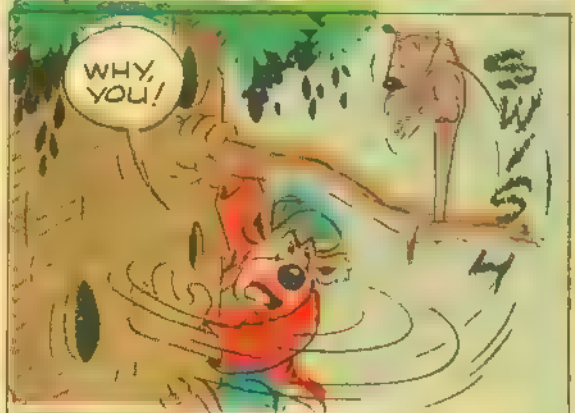
BENNY, AH'VE DECIDED
WE'RE GONNA HAVE
A POSSUM
DINNER
TONIGHT!

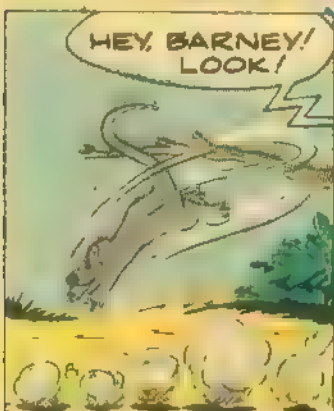
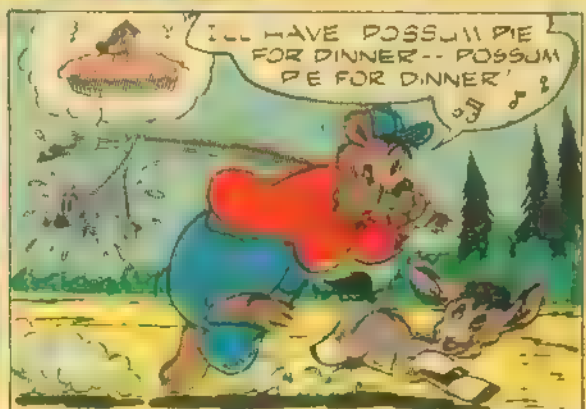
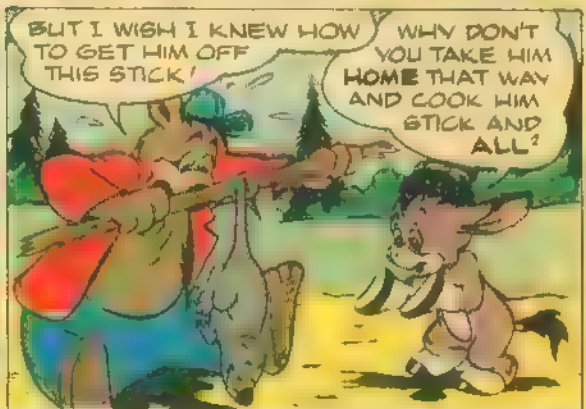
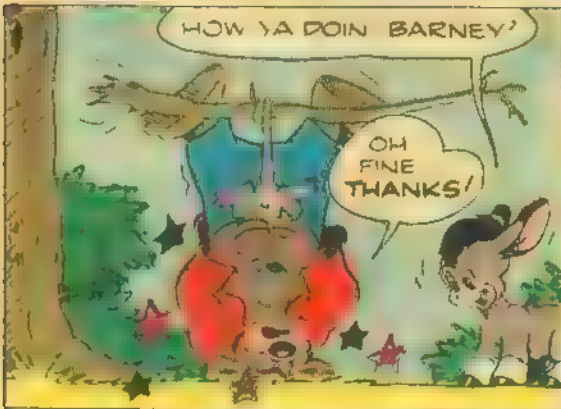
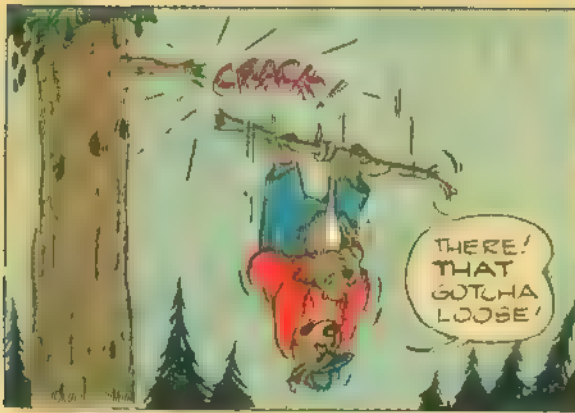
OH, OH!
THIS CAN
ONLY LEAD
TO TROUBLE!

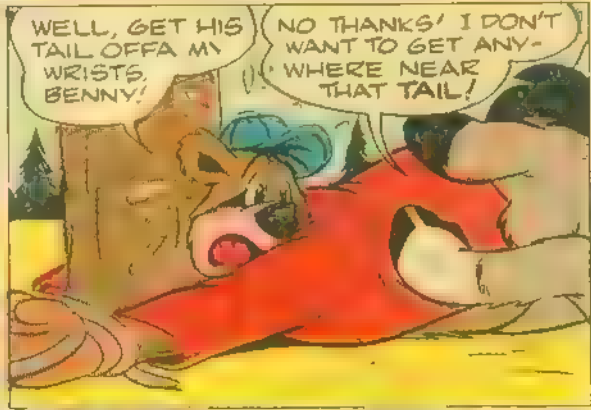
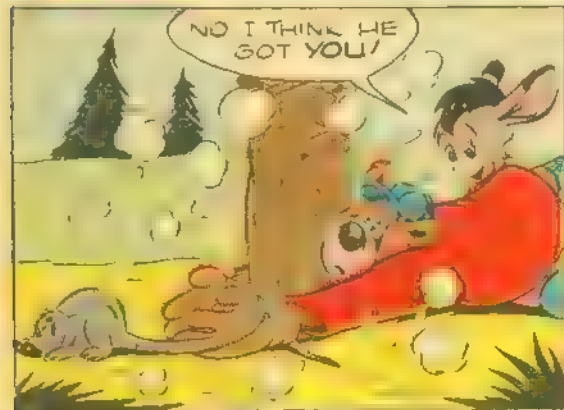
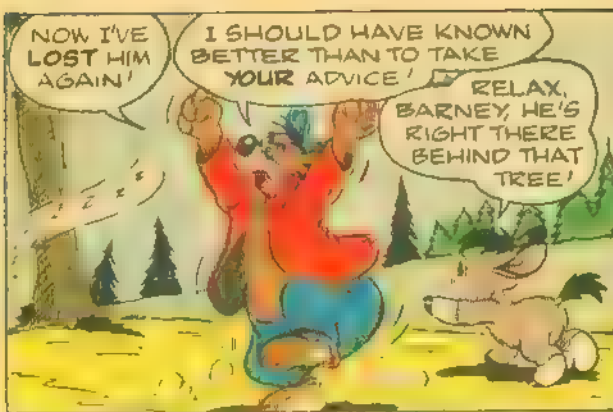


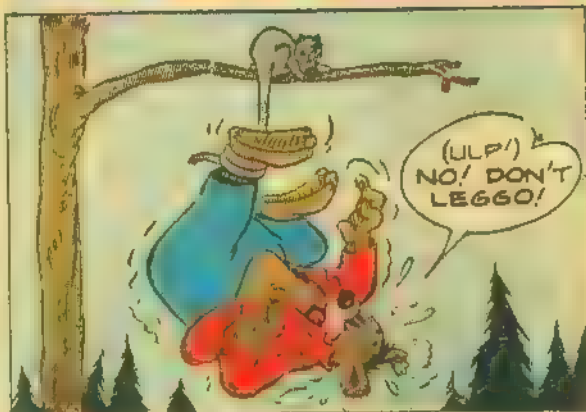
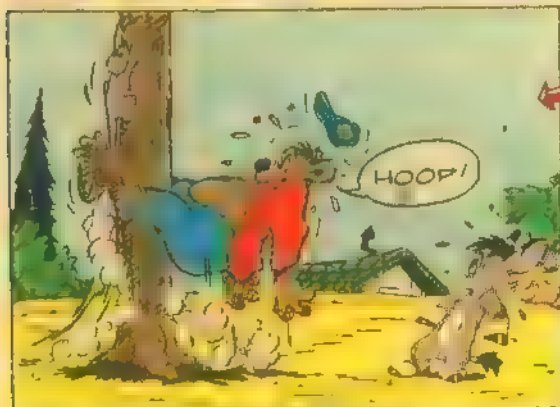
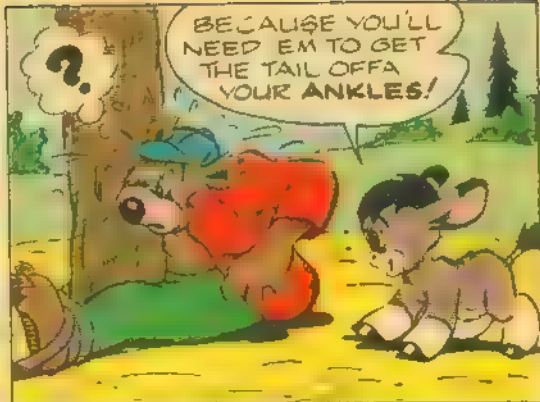
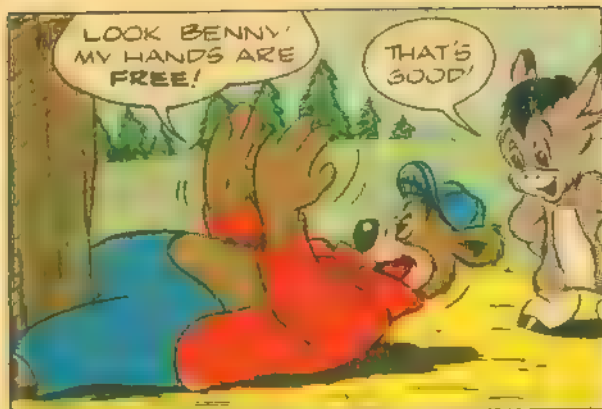


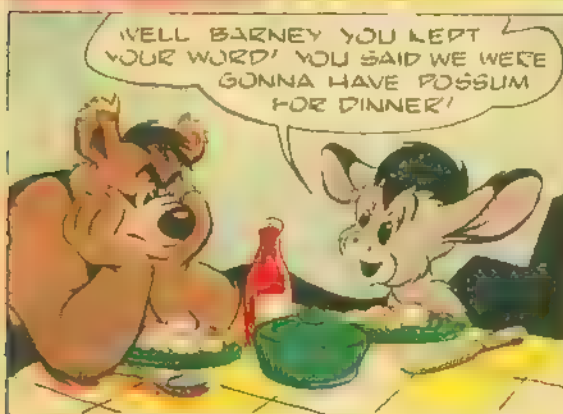
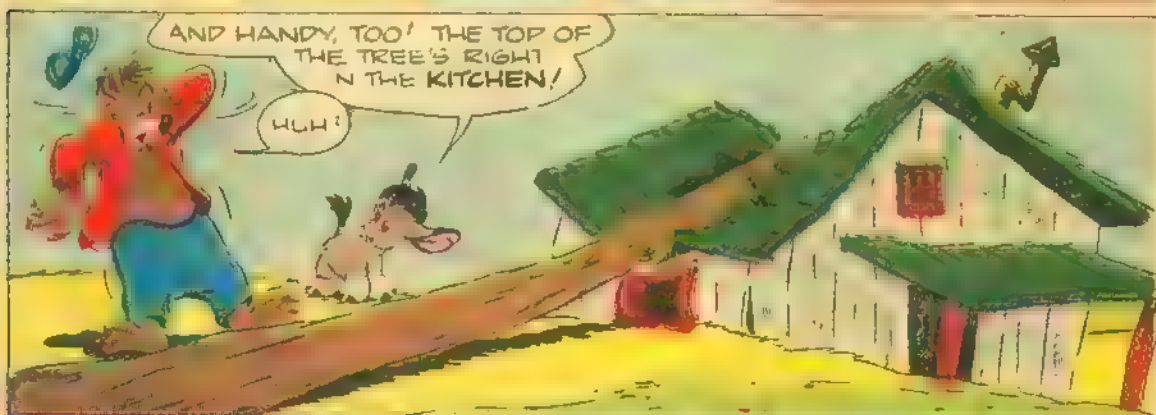
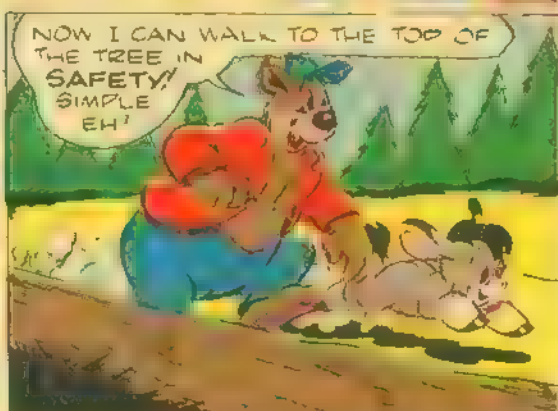
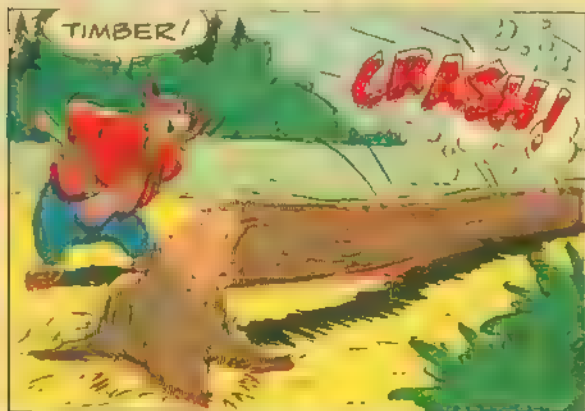


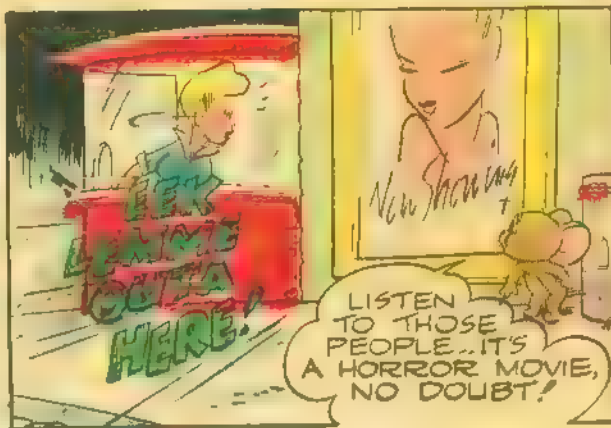
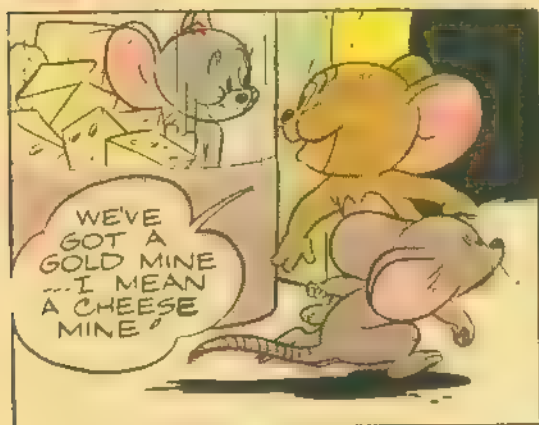
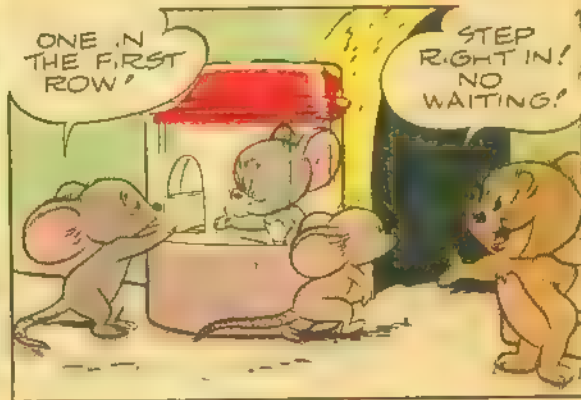
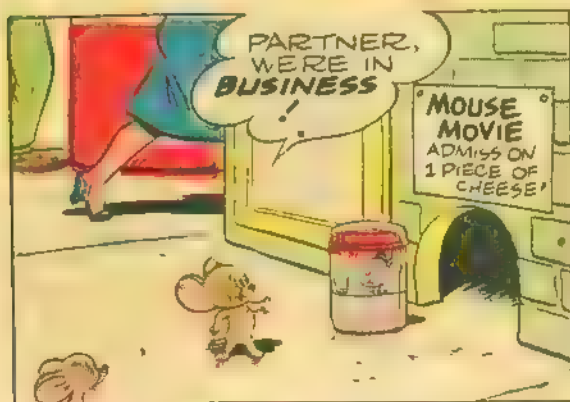
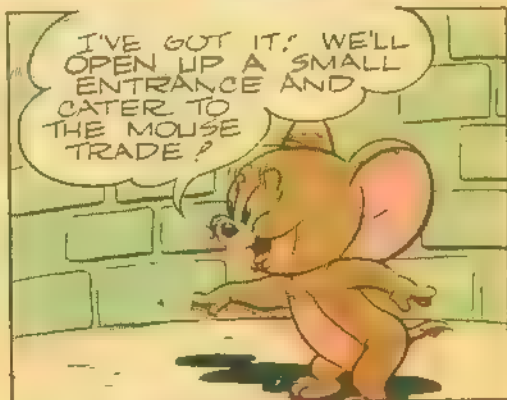
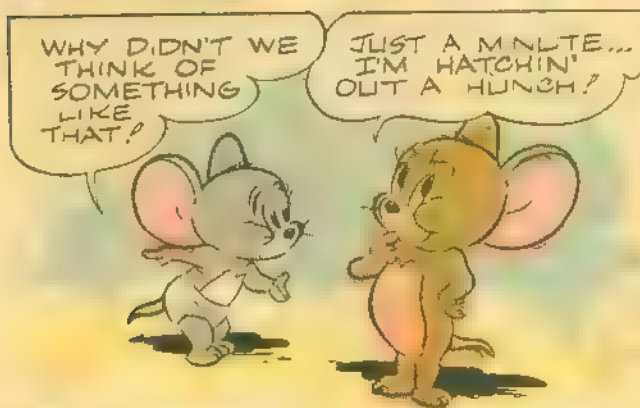
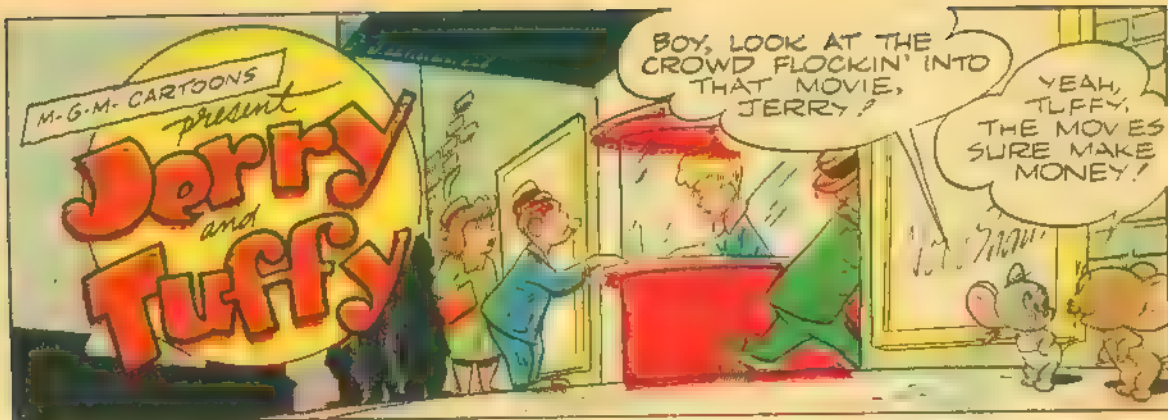


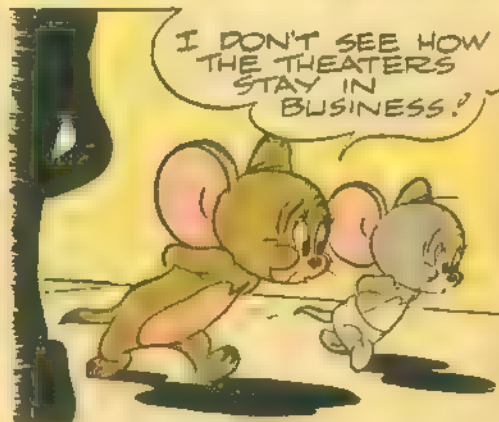
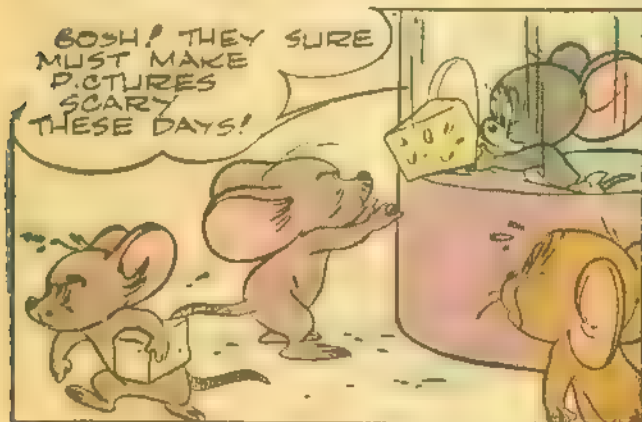
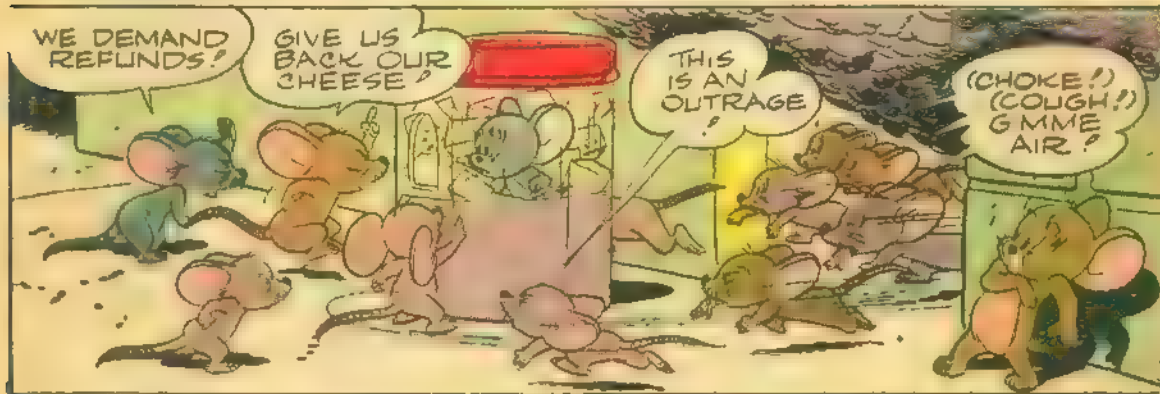
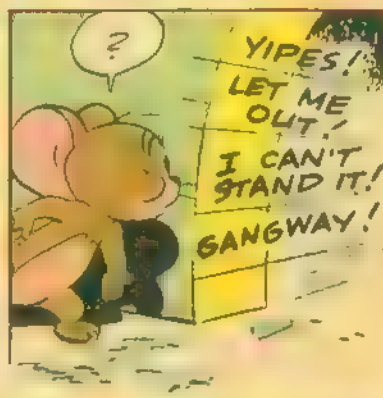
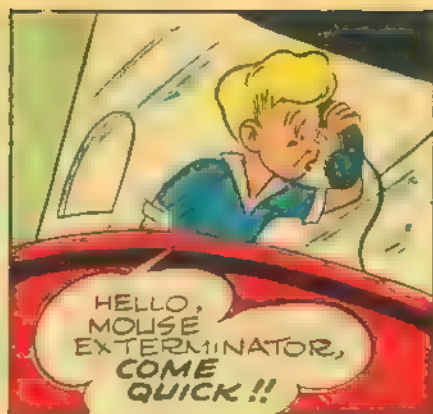
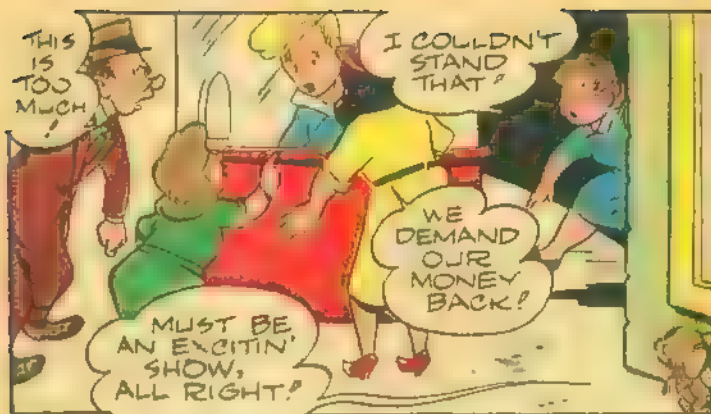






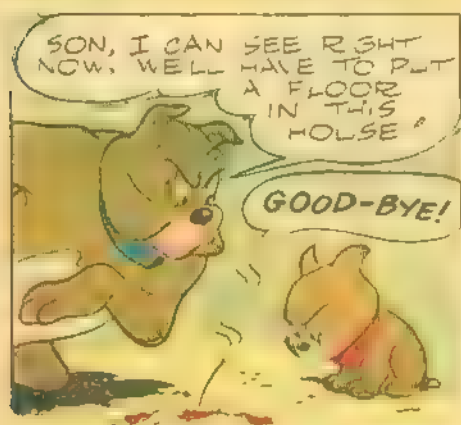
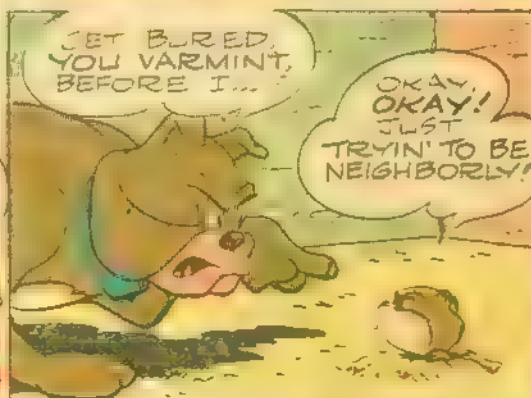
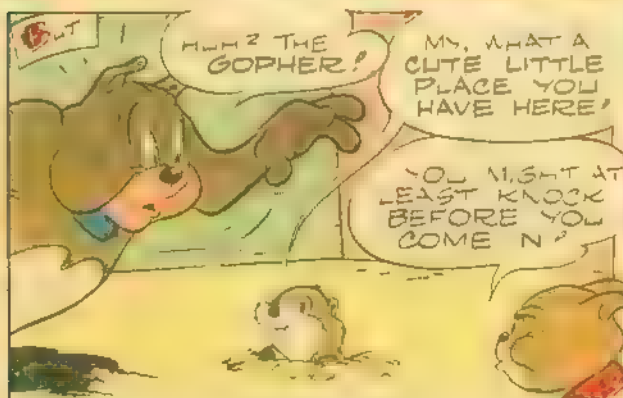
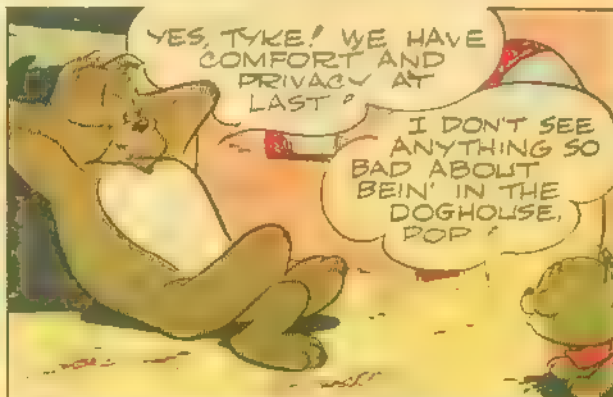
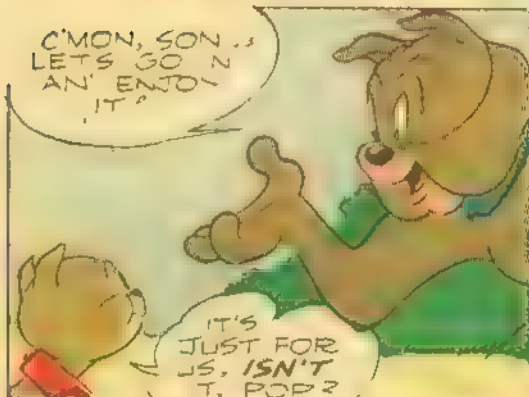


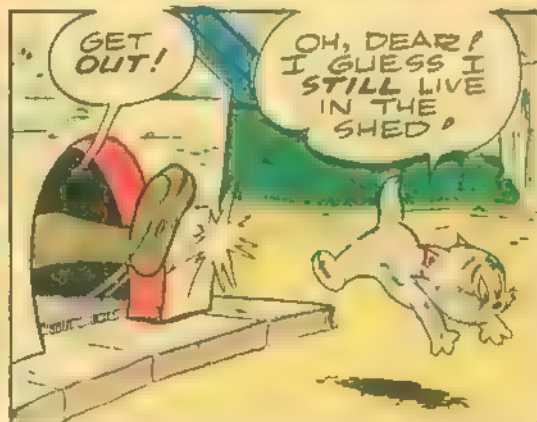
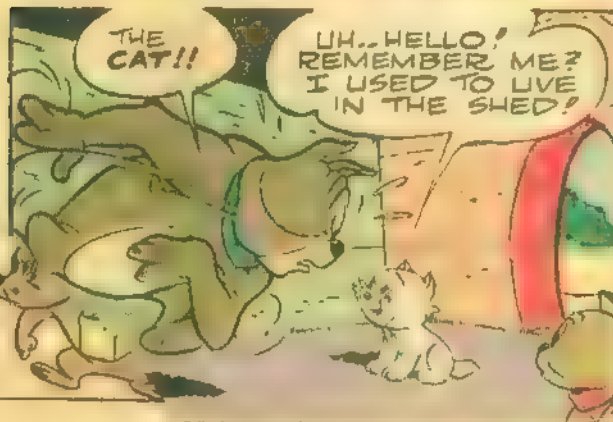
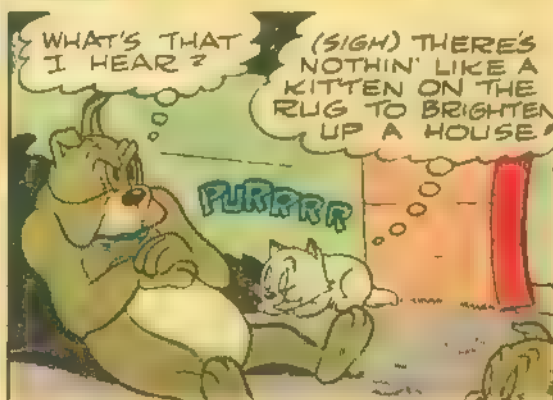
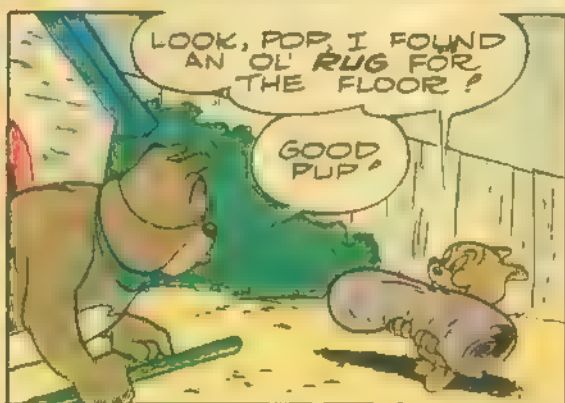
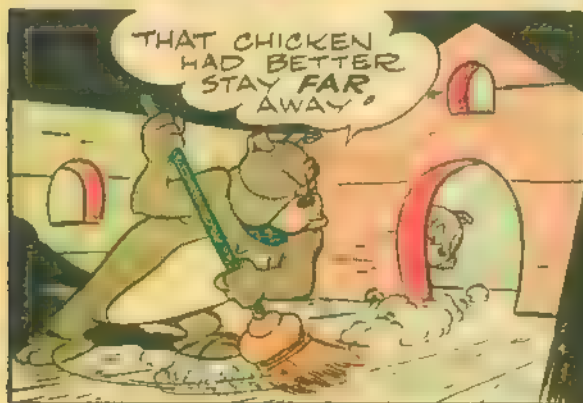
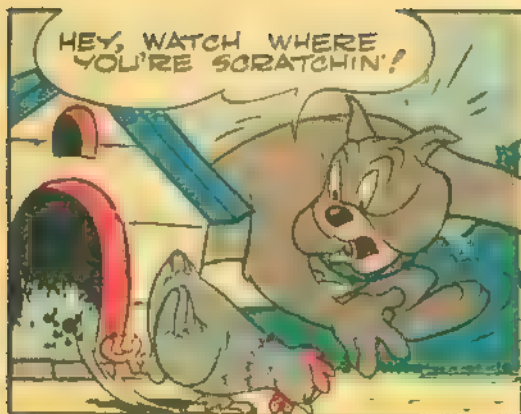


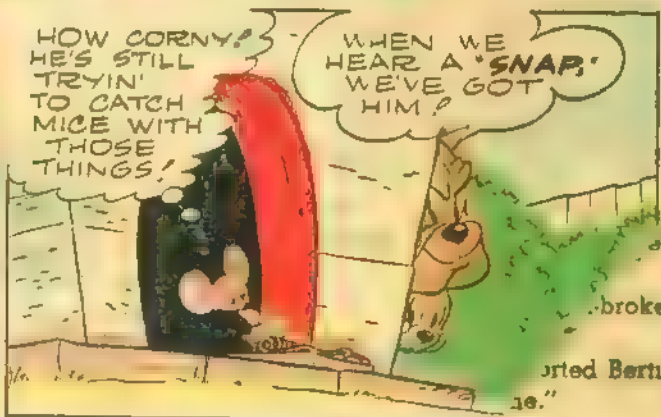
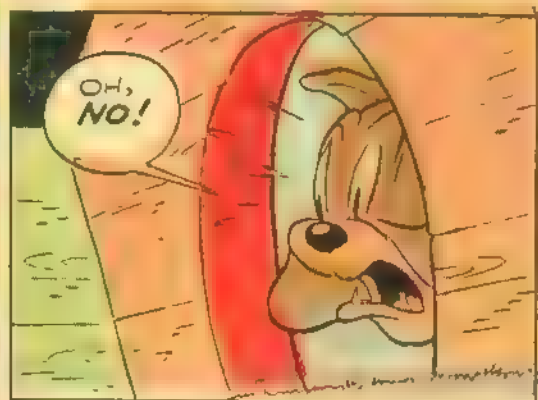
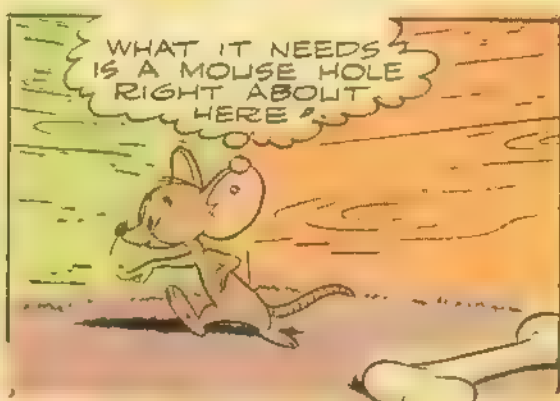
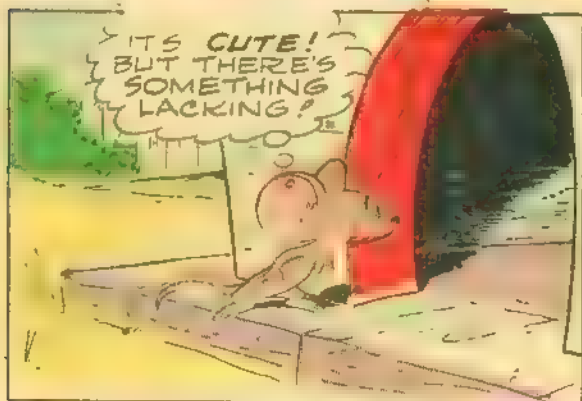
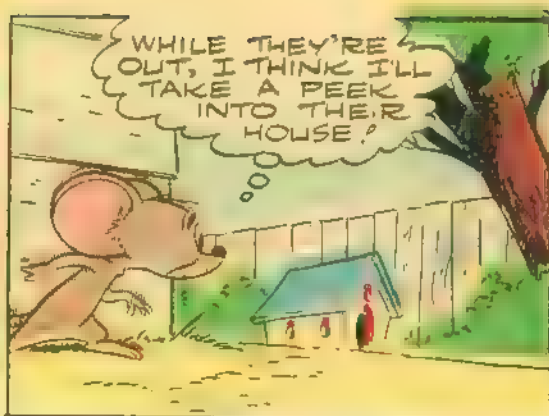
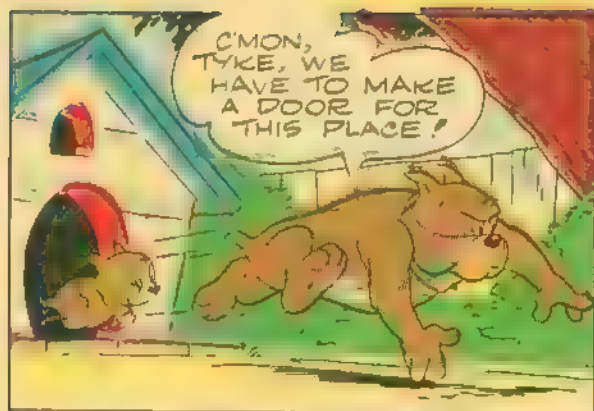


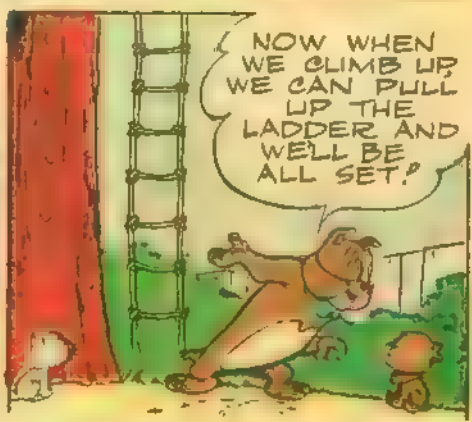
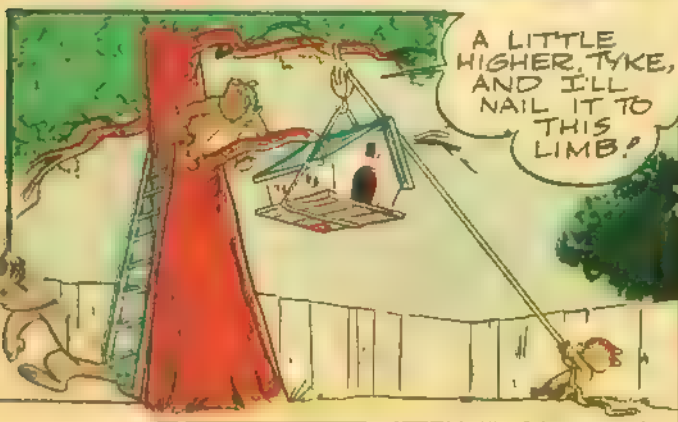
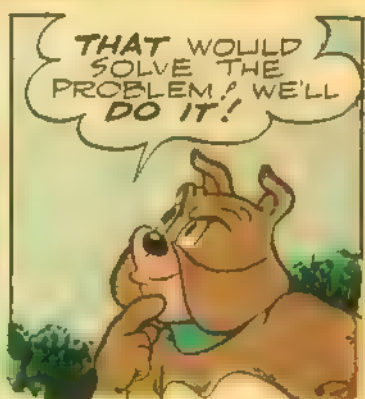
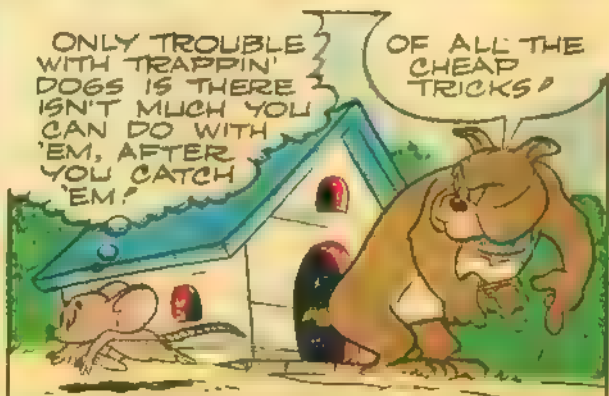
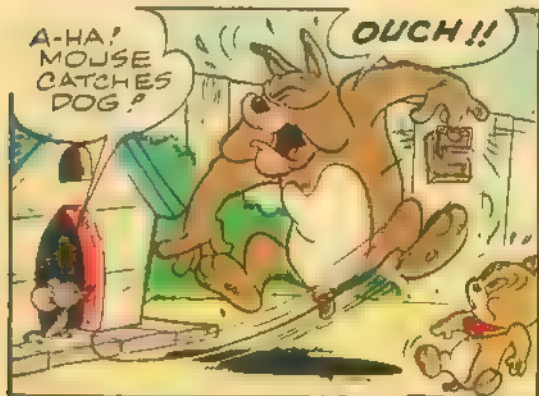
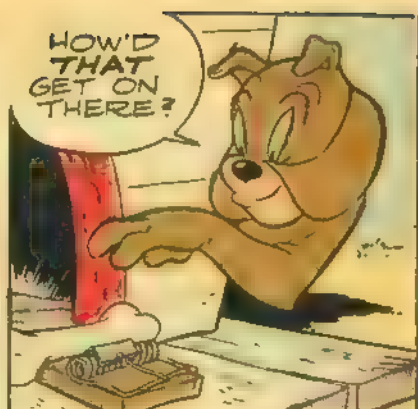
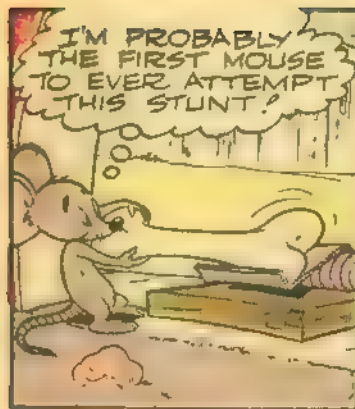
M-G-M-CARTOONS
Present

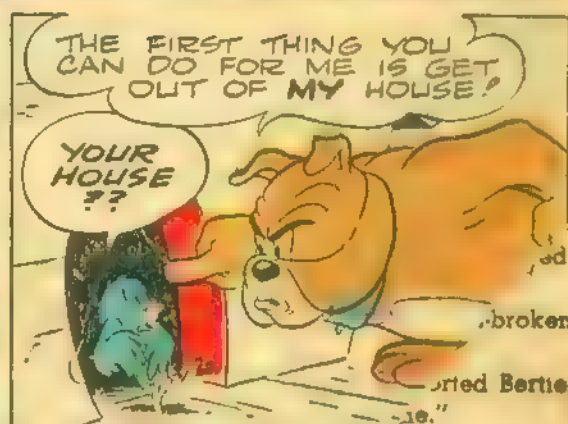
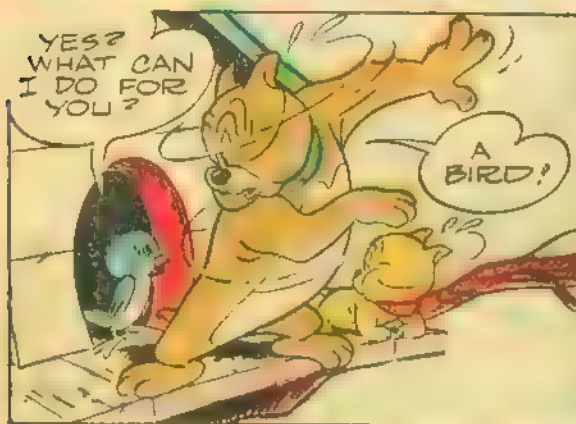
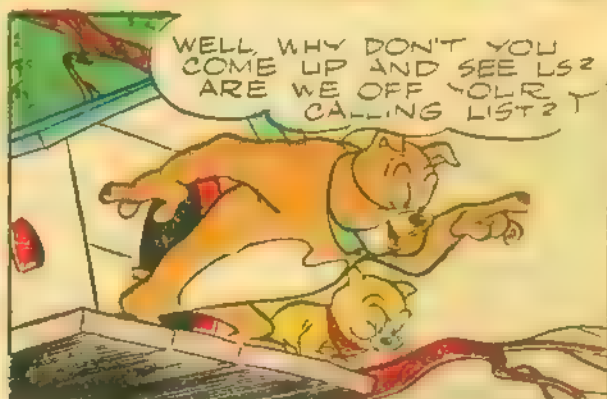
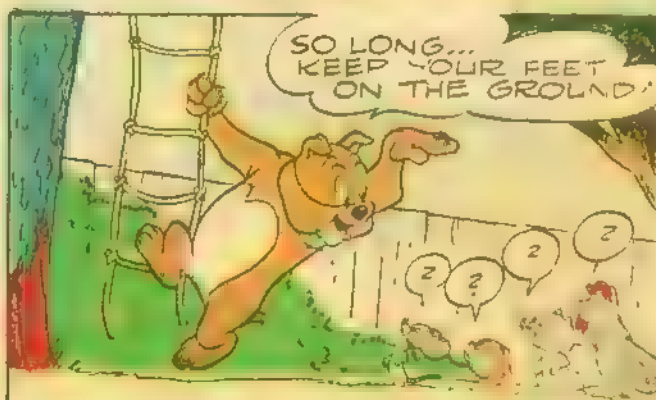
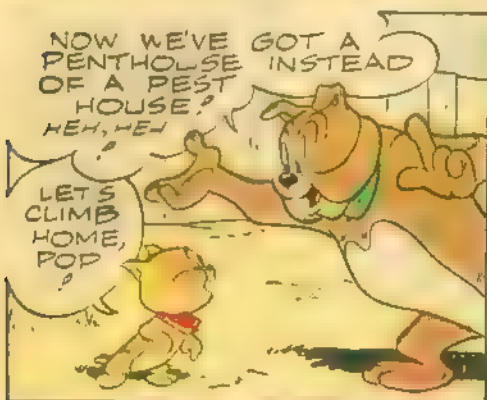
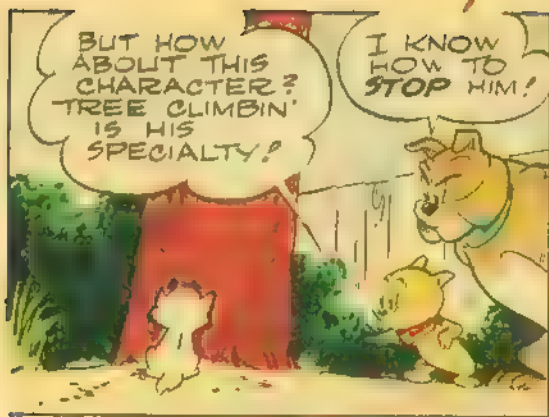
Big SPUNK AND Little TYKE

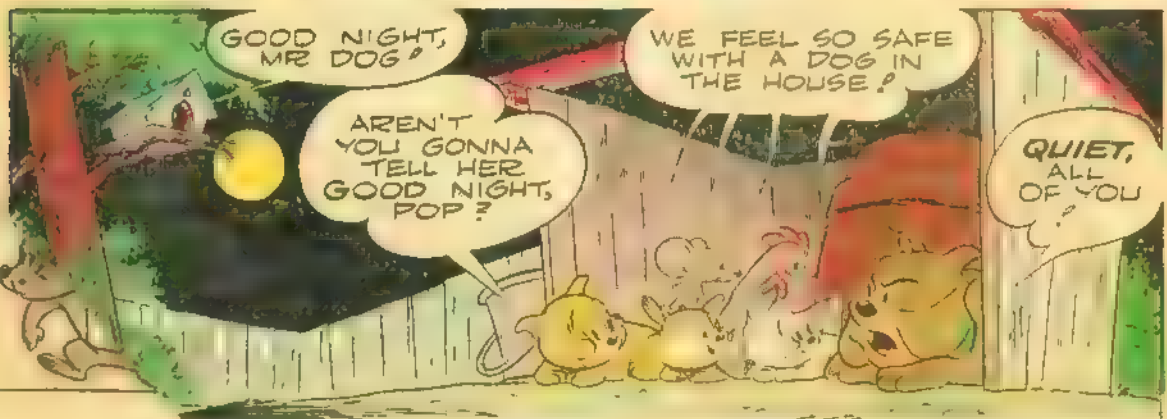
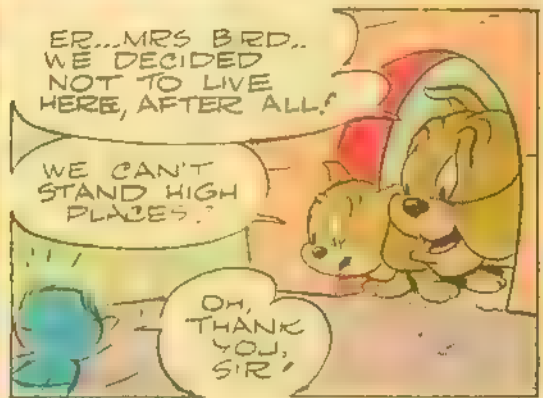
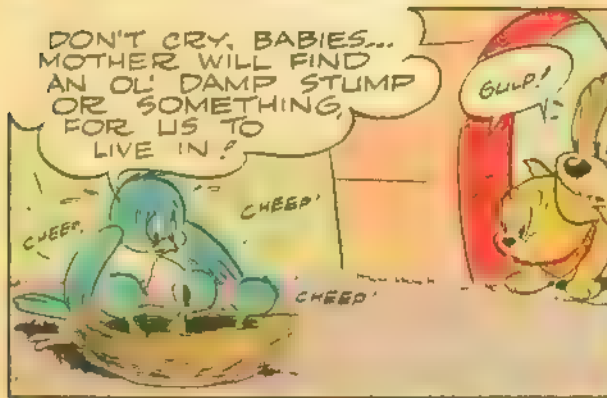
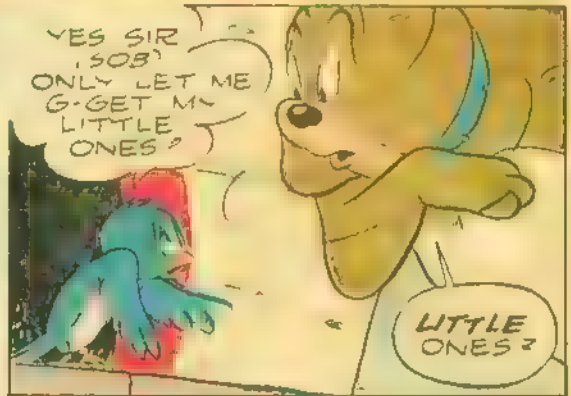
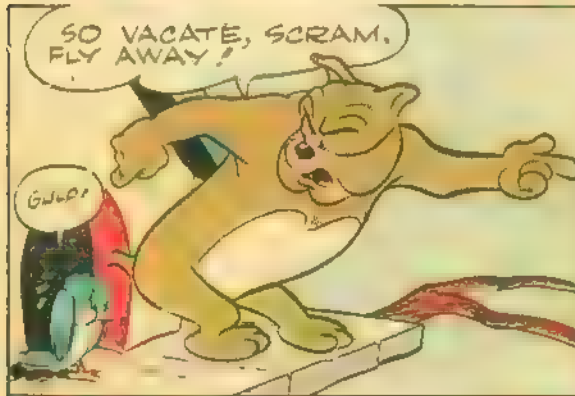
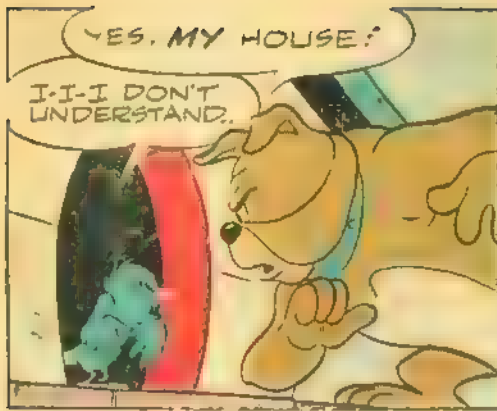






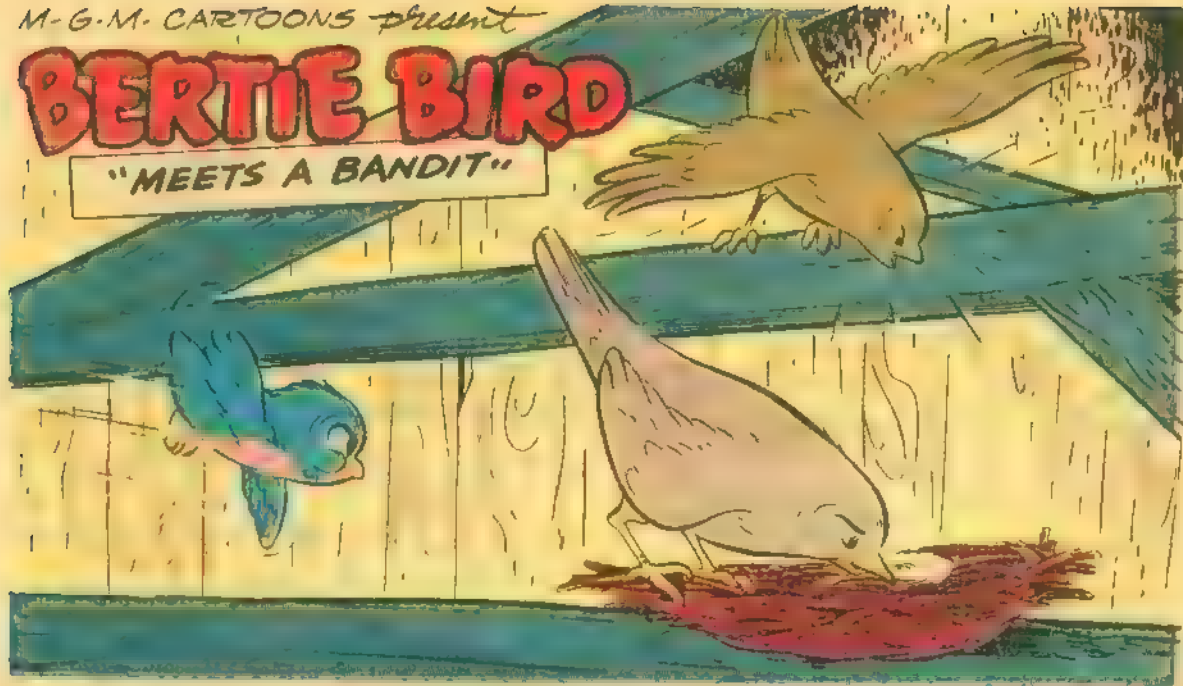






BERTIE BIRD

"MEETS A BANDIT"



"Well," announced Bertie Bird to no one in particular. "Guess I'll fly over to Anderson's farm!"

Bertie, as well as all the other little birds for miles around, liked to visit Mister Anderson's large old-fashioned farm. In fact, it was almost a BIRD farm. Swallows built their nests in the barn, and owls, in the trees nearby. Wrens and bluebirds lived in tiny bird houses which Mister Anderson built for them. Robins, orioles, and saucy sparrows lived in fruit trees, bushes, and shade trees all around Mister Anderson's house. Even the naughty blackbirds perched fearlessly on the ragged old scarecrows in the corn field and snitched corn. But Mister Anderson did not care. He loved birds and they loved and trusted him.

Usually, everything was serene and amiable at the Anderson's, but not on the day of Bertie's visit! Flying past Anderson's house, Bertie heard a frightful commotion in the chicken yard. Hens squawked loudly, tiny chicks peeped with fright, and a bird shrieked and chattered scoldingly.

"What's happening?" Bertie asked himself, alighting on the wire fence surrounding the chicken yard. There he found the cause of the commotion — his little friend, Patty Swallow! She was only trying to get some soft little chicken feathers to line her nest. But the nervous hens thought she was going to harm

their tiny baby chicks. Every time Patty darted down into the yard to pick up a feather, the hens rushed at her squawking threateningly. And Patty was forced to dart out of their reach, empty handed.

Bertie admired Patty's spunk, but he could see that she needed help. "I know how I can help her," exclaimed Bertie. Flying down into the chicken yard, Bertie kept the hens busy rushing at HIM, while Patty scurried about picking up the feathers. Their teamwork was a huge success. In a few minutes, Patty had gathered all the feathers she could use.

"Oh, thank you, Bertie!" Patty chirped happily. "Now, I can finish my nest."

"I'll help you carry the feathers," said Bertie, still the gallant one.

Picking up the feathers, which Patty had piled on the ground outside the chicken yard, Bertie and Patty flew back to the barn. Alighting on the rafter above Patty's nest, the latter suddenly dropped her feathers and screamed in dismay. "Oh, Bertie! Just look at my nest!"

Bertie stared down at the torn fragments of what had once been Patty's pretty nest. "It looks like a cyclone hit it!" he exclaimed. "Who could have done such a thing?"

"I don't know!" wailed the heart-broken Patty.

"Well, don't cry, Patty!" comforted Bertie. "I'll help you build another one."

The two birds flew at their task with a will. Patty built the nest while Bertie brought her pieces of grass, straw, and tiny chunks of dirt. In no time at all, it was finished.

"Isn't it BEAUTIFUL?" chirped Patty proudly.

"It certainly is," answered Bertie. "But where did you put all those chicken feathers we had such a hard time getting?"

Patty twittered. "Inside, of course! To line the nest and make it soft."

Tired after all their exertion, Patty and Bertie decided to take a rest. They had just settled down on the rafter, when they heard a noise at the far end of the barn. Drawing back into the shadows, they listened and watched.

Presently, a sparrow flew through the special entrance which Mister Anderson had cut for the swallows. The sparrow perched on the rafter for a moment, looking all around.

"Aha!" whispered Bertie to Patty. "It's that nest-robbing bandit, Bo Sparrow!"

Patty was too frightened to answer.

They waited, keeping very still, and watched Bo hop closer and closer. Reaching the spot directly above the nest, Bo stopped and peered over the rafter. "Well, my goodness!" he exclaimed in surprise. "That dumb little swallow has built another nest! How considerate of her!"

Hopping down onto the edge of the nest, Bo chuckled, "I'll just help myself to this fine

material. Nobody will be the wiser."

"Except ME!" cried Bertie, darting out of the shadows and hurling himself straight at Bo.

Screeching and screaming, Patty hopped up and down with excitement.

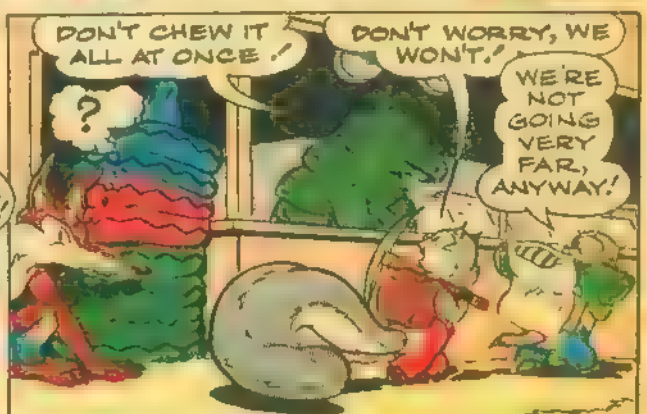
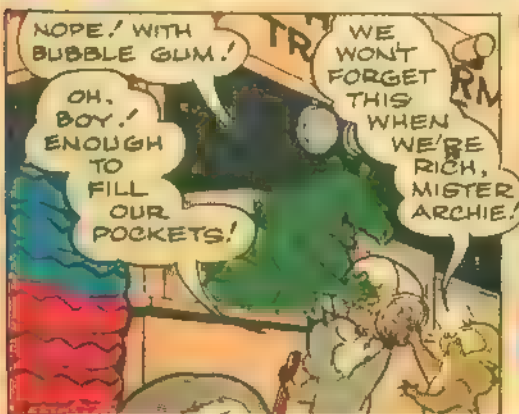
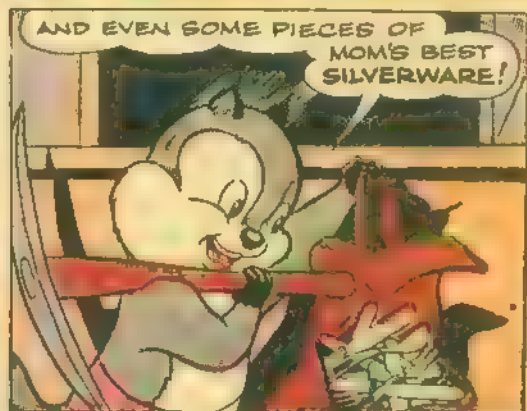
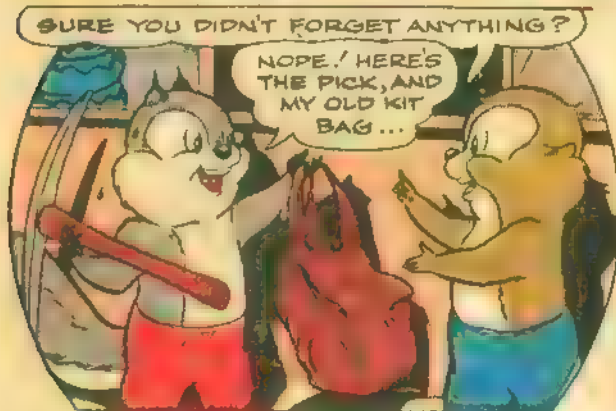
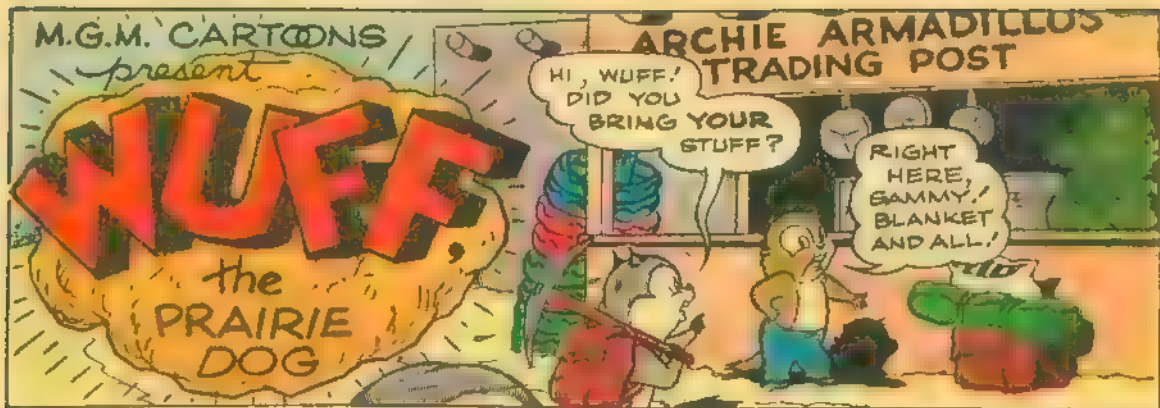
Bo, taken completely by surprise, thought a whole flock of birds were after him. Shrieking with terror, he turned a flip-flop off the nest, fluttered down, then righted himself, and sped for the door.

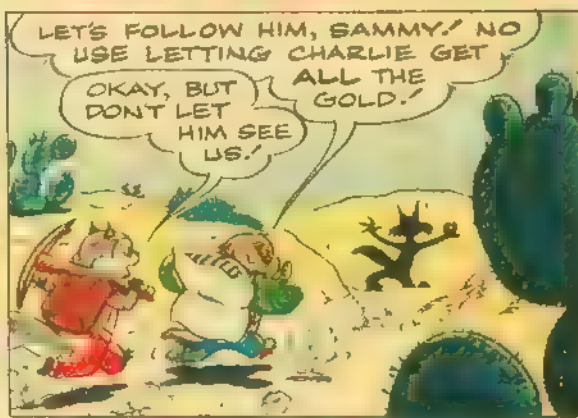
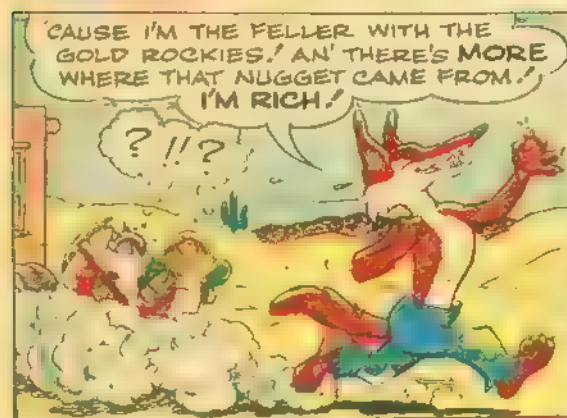
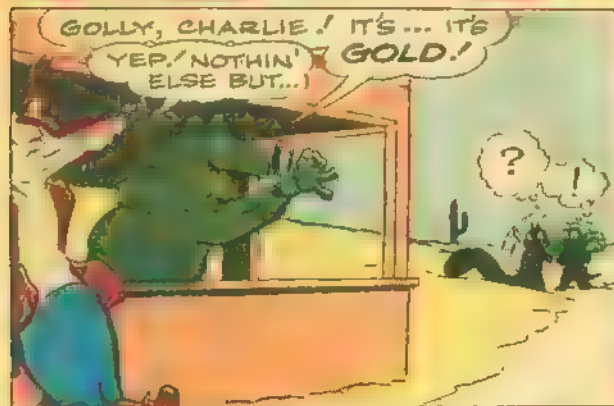
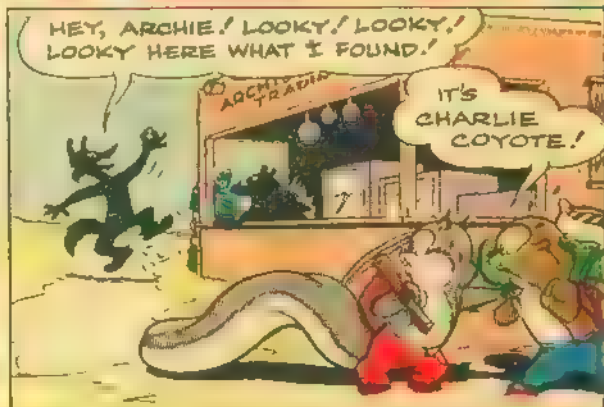
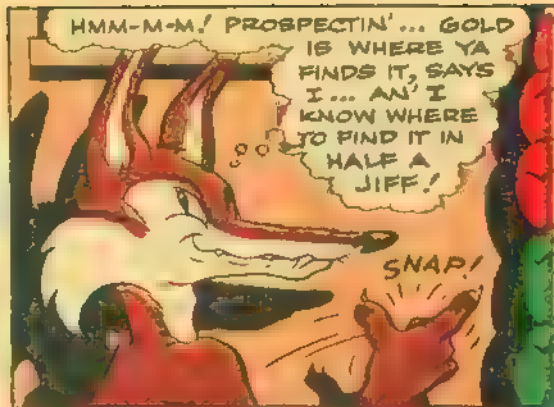
Bertie sped after him! Zip! The two flashed out of the barn, right into a group of Patty's swallow friends! Recognizing the bandit sparrow, the swallows whirled around and joined the chase. They made such a terrible racket, that soon, a whole flock of birds were chasing Bo!

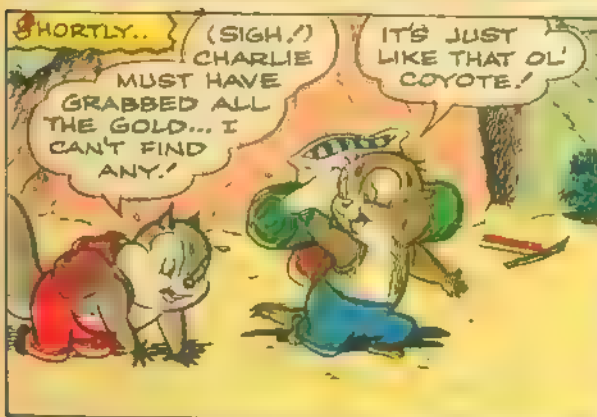
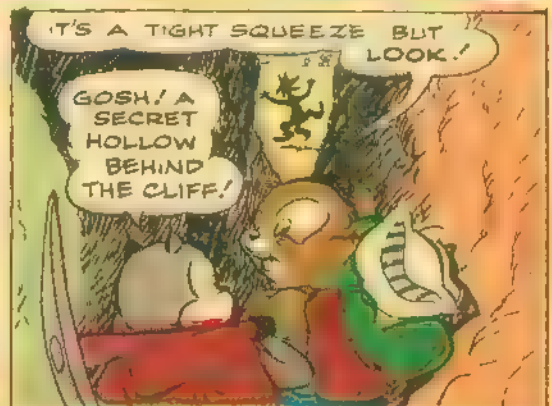
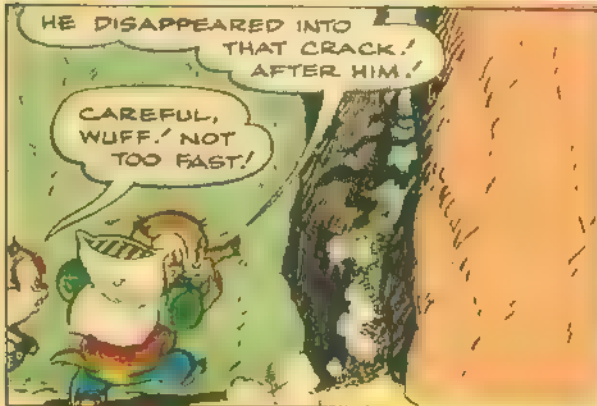
At that, Bertie, breathless and a bit weary, dropped out. The rest of the birds would finish driving Bo Sparrow away from Anderson's farm. The remainder of the day, Patty and Bertie spent having fun.

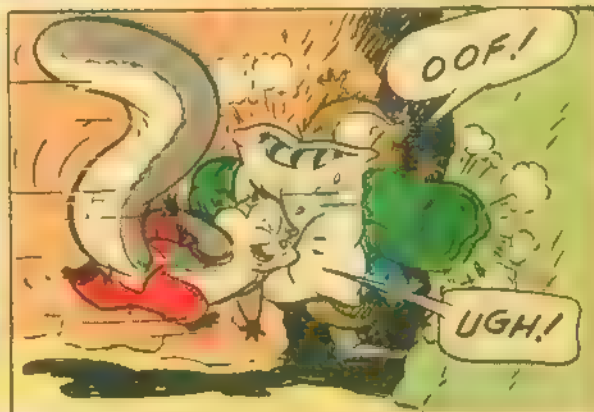
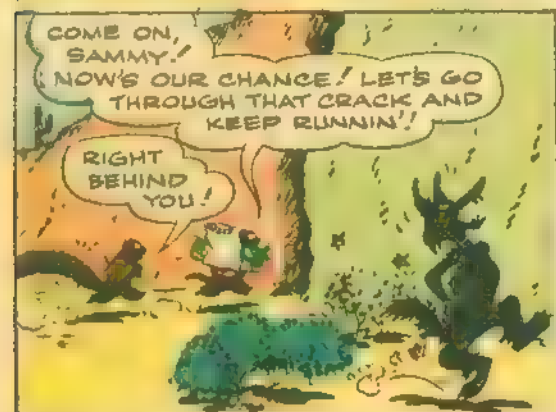
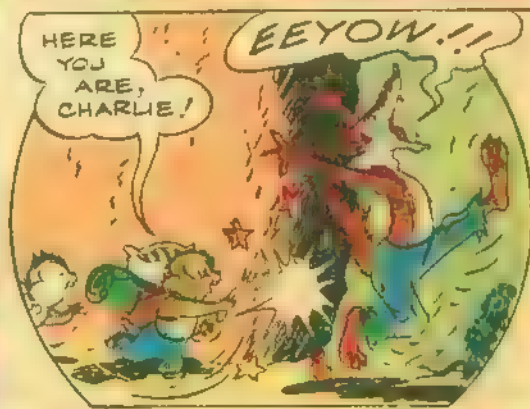
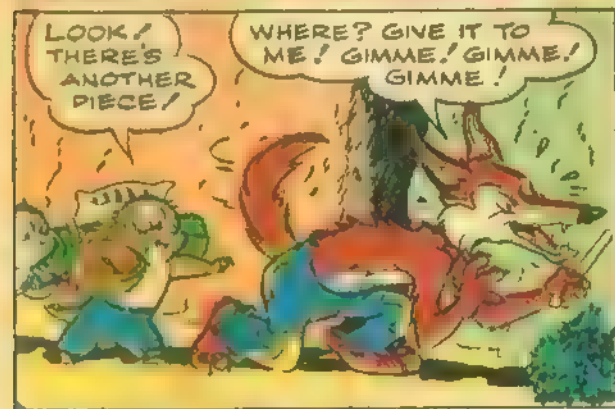
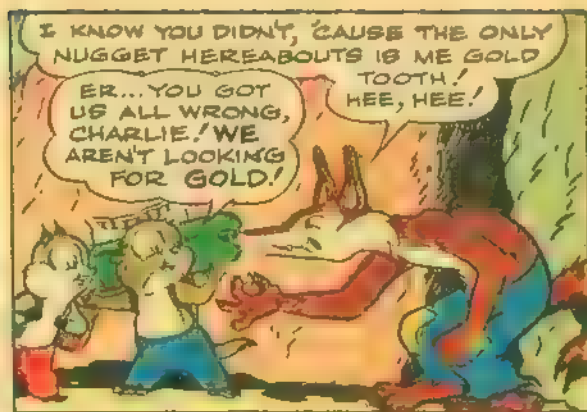
At the end of the afternoon, Bertie was very glad he had decided to visit the farm. So was Patty!

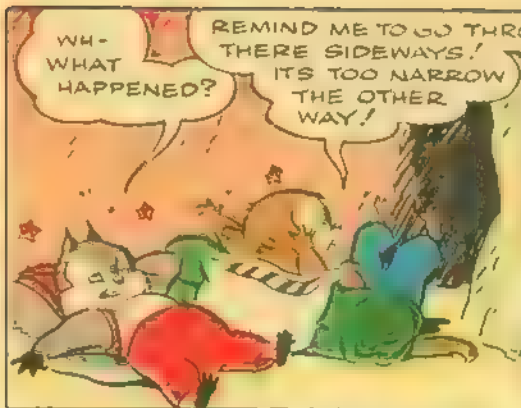






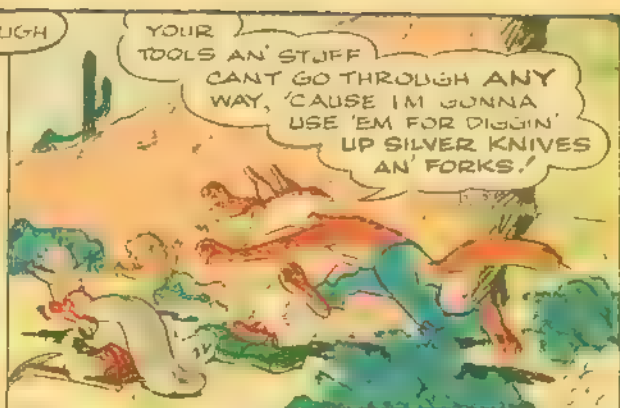




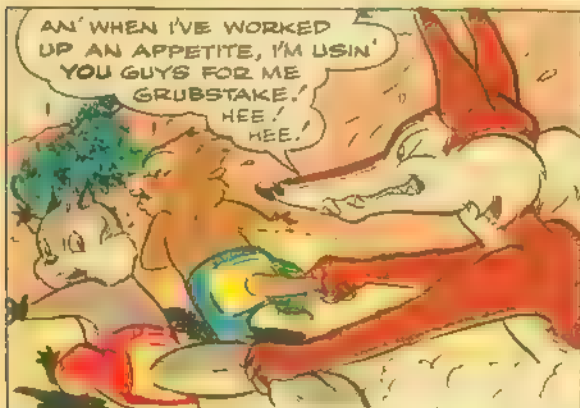


WH-WHAT
HAPPENED?

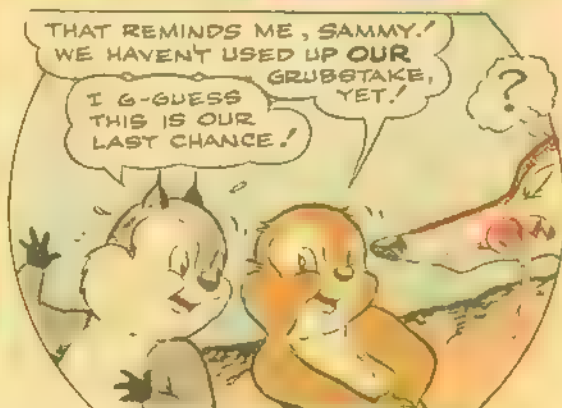
REMAND ME TO GO THROUGH
THERE SIDWAYS!
ITS TOO NARROW
THE OTHER
WAY!



YOUR
TOOLS AN' STUFF
CANT GO THROUGH ANY
WAY, 'CAUSE I'M GONNA
USE 'EM FOR DIGGIN'
UP SILVER KNIVES
AN' FORKS!

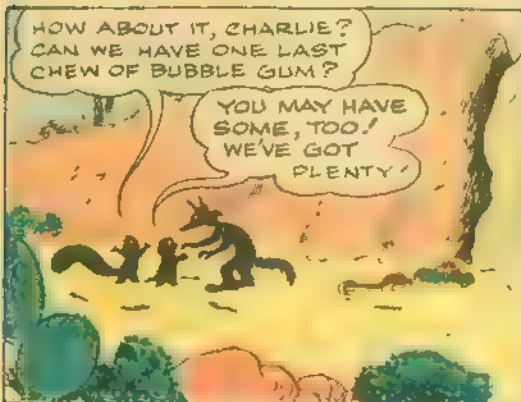


AN' WHEN I'VE WORKED
UP AN APPETITE, I'M USIN'
YOU GUYS FOR ME
GRUBSTAKE!
HEE!
HEE!



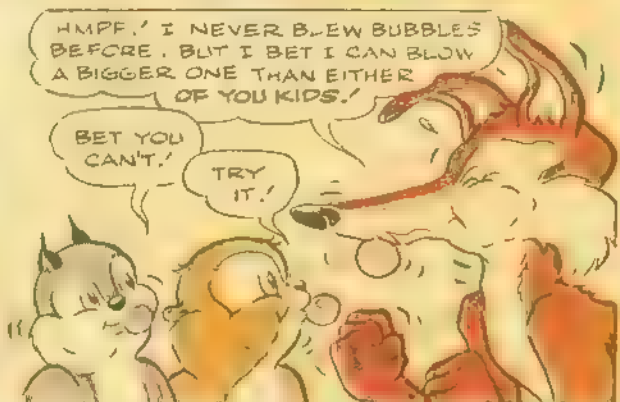
THAT REMINDS ME, SAMMY!
WE HAVENT USED UP OUR
GRUBSTAKE,
YET!
?

I G-GUESS
THIS IS OUR
LAST CHANCE!



HOW ABOUT IT, CHARLIE?
CAN WE HAVE ONE LAST
CHEW OF BUBBLE GUM?

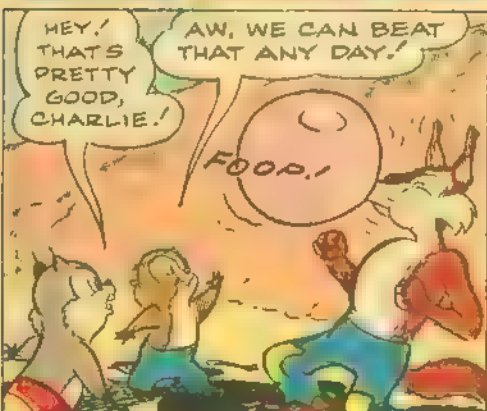
YOU MAY HAVE
SOME, TOO!
WE'VE GOT
PLENTY!



HMPFF, I NEVER BLEW BUBBLES
BEFORE, BUT I BET I CAN BLOW
A BIGGER ONE THAN EITHER
OF YOU KIDS!

BET YOU
CANT!

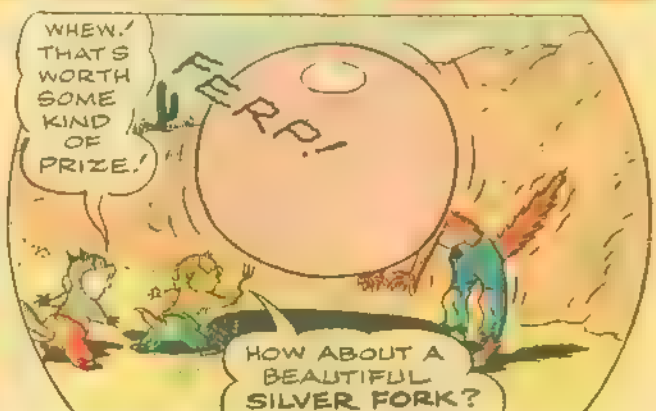
TRY
IT!



HEY!
THAT'S
PRETTY
GOOD,
CHARLIE!

AW, WE CAN BEAT
THAT ANY DAY!

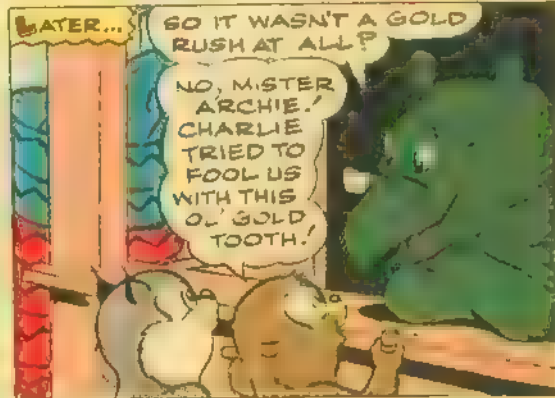
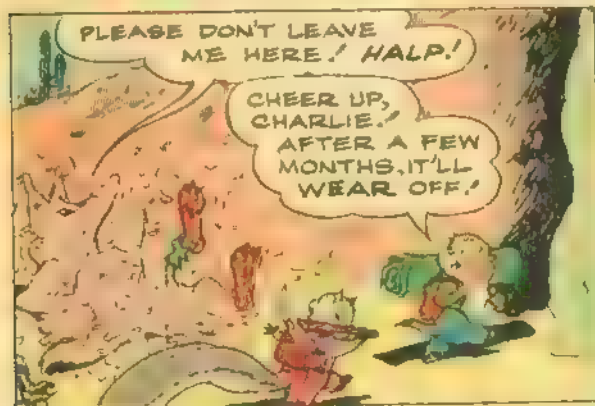
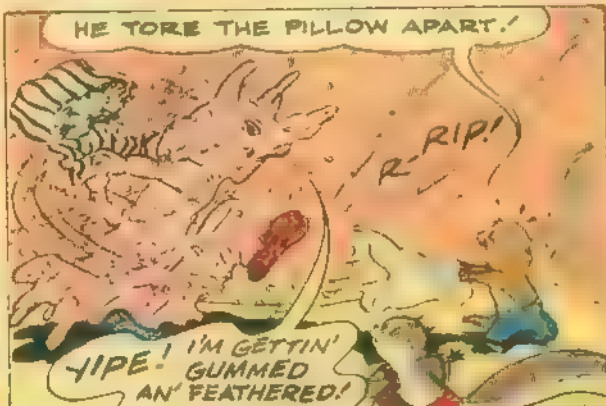
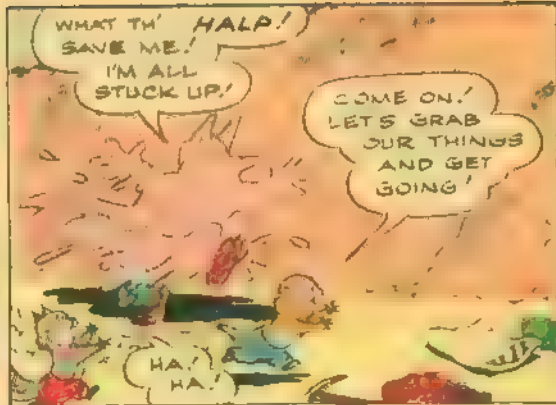
FOOD!



WHEN!
THAT'S
WORTH
SOME
KIND
OF
PRIZE!

FERP!

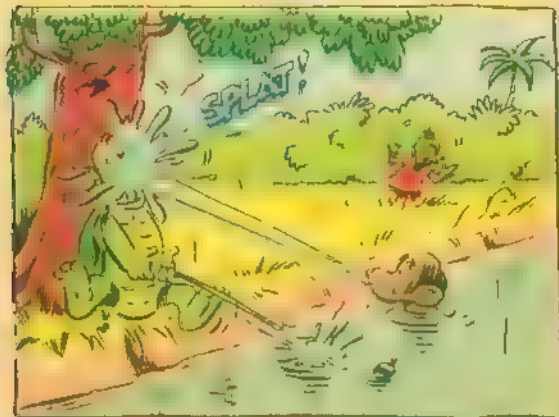
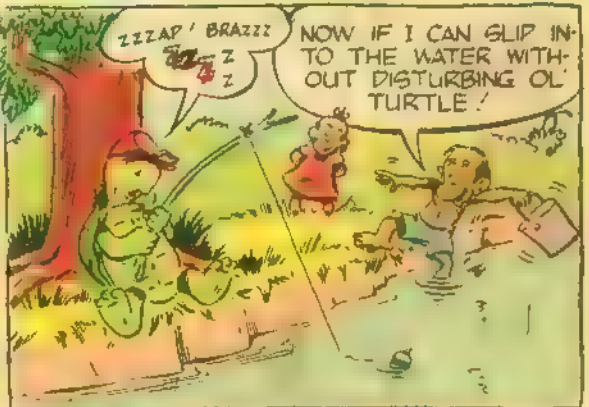
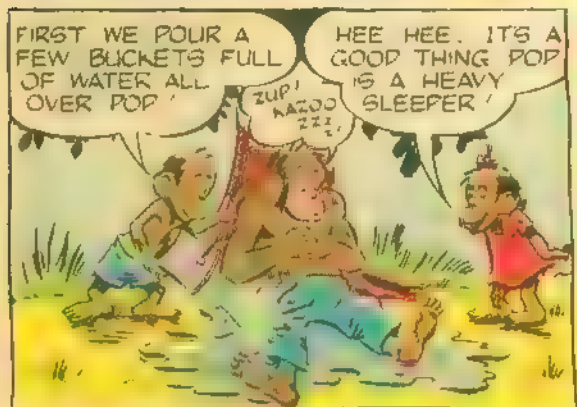
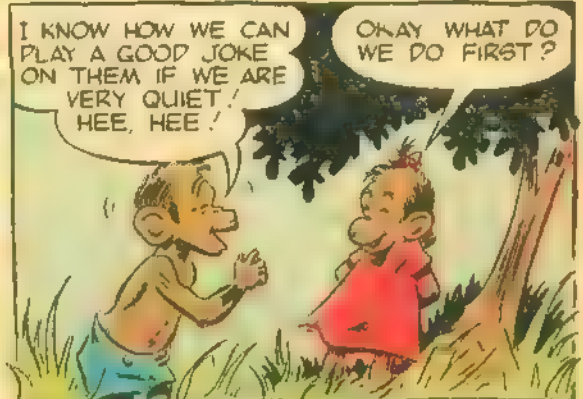
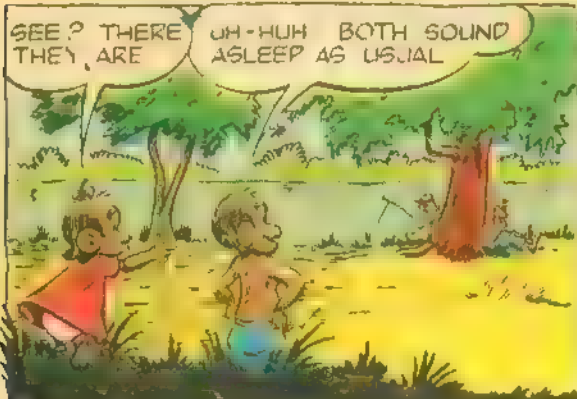
HOW ABOUT A
BEAUTIFUL
SILVER FORK?

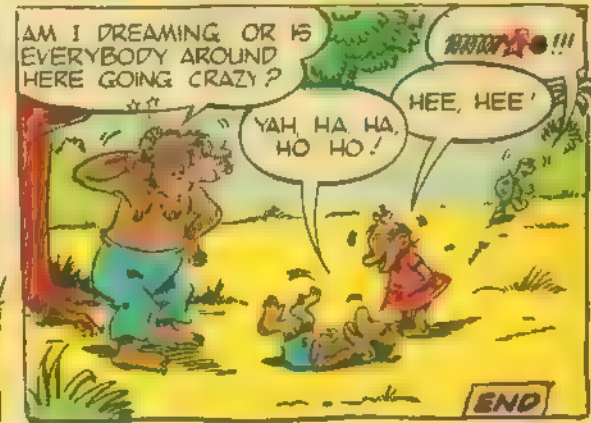
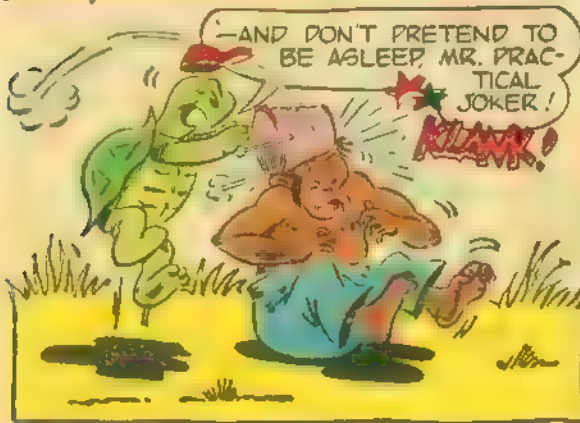
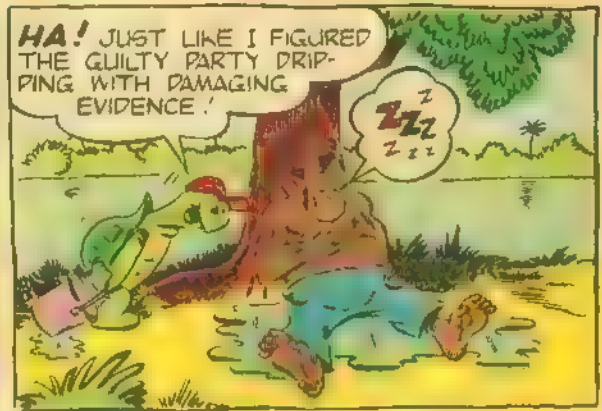
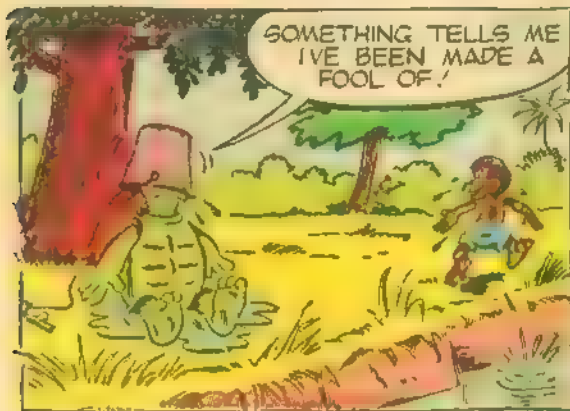
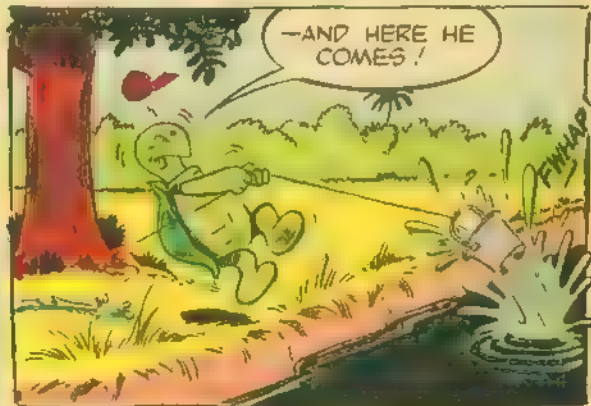
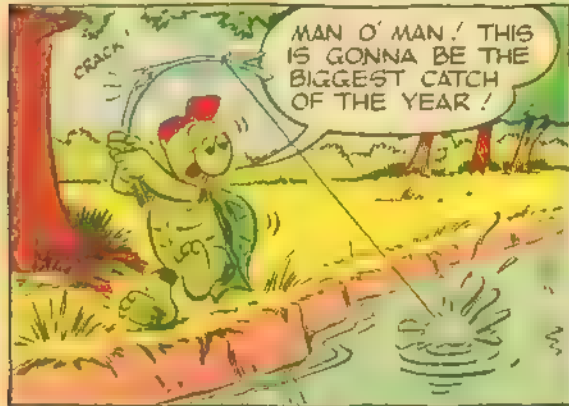
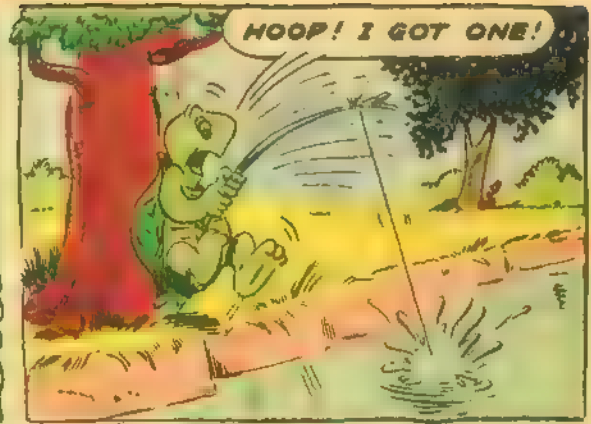
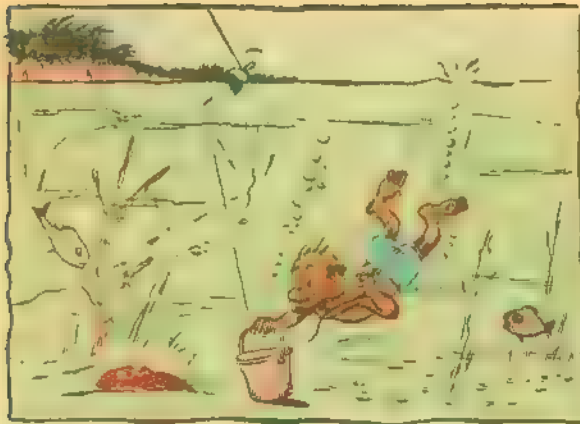


FLIP 'N' DIP

POP AND MR TURTLE
ARE FISHING ALONG
THE RIVER HERE
SOMEPLACE.

IT'S DOWN THERE
A WAYS. THEY ALL
GO TO THE SAME
SPOT.





M.G.M. CARTOONS
present

fuzzy *and* wuzzy

WHEW! WHAT A SIZZLER!
DRIEST SPELL I'VE SEEN
IN THIRTY YEARS!

YEAH! IT
SURE IS A
SCORCHER!
ALL RIGHT!

THE CROPS'LL DRY UP AND BLOW
AWAY, IF IT KEEPS ON THIS WAY!

GEE! THE CREEK
IS ALL WRINKLED
LOOKIN'!

EVEN THE DOGS ARE TOO HOT
TO SCRATCH!

YEP, BOYS, THIS
IS CYCLONE
WEATHER!

LOOK, UNCLE
BARNEY, HERE
COMES ONE
NOW!

A
CYCLONE?

NOPE! THAT'S
JUST THE
MAILMAN,
RAISIN' DUST!

HOT ENOUGH
FOR YA, CLEM?
HEH, HEH!

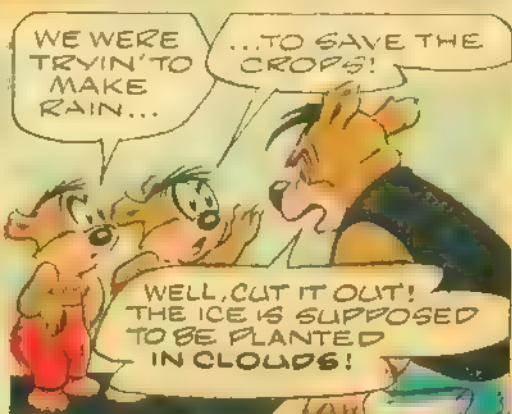
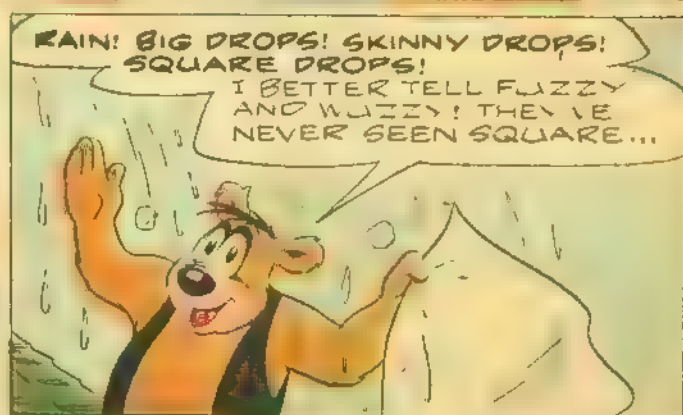
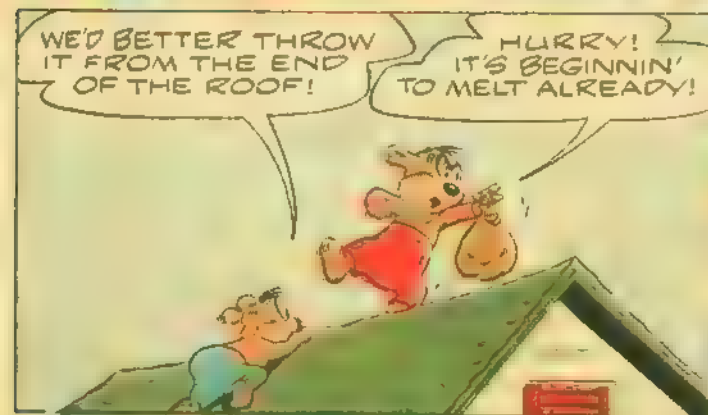
IT'S NO JOKE,
BARNEY, WHAT
WE NEED IS A
RAIN MAKER!

YOU KNOW...ONE OF THEM
FELLERS THAT THROWS ICE
AROUND THE SKY! THERE'S A
STORY ABOUT 'EM IN THE PAPER
TODAY!

IT REALLY
WORKS, EH?

SURE! BUT MAYBE THAT DARK
CLOUD OFF THERE WILL RAIN
WITHOUT ICE!

HM-M-M! I'LL READ
ABOUT IT IN THE SHADE!



DRY ICE?

THAT'S A NEW
ONE ON ME!

SAY!
WE COULD
BUILD A
FIRE!

SURE! AND IF
IT'S HOT ENOUGH
IT'LL DRY THE
ICE BEFORE
IT MELTS!

I'LL COLLECT A LOT OF FUEL!

AND I'LL GET SOME
MORE ICE CUBES!

(SNIFF! SNIFF!)
DO I SMELL SMOKE?
WITH ALL THIS DRY TIMBER A
FIRE COULD START A
MAJOR DISASTER!

OMIGOSH! T'S THE KIDS!
THE HEAT MUSTA GOT 'EM!
I'D BETTER HUMOR 'EM
ALONG!

NOTHIN' CHEERIER THAN A ROARIN'
FIRE IN THE SUMMER, EH, BOYS?
YEP! NOTHIN' LIKE IT!

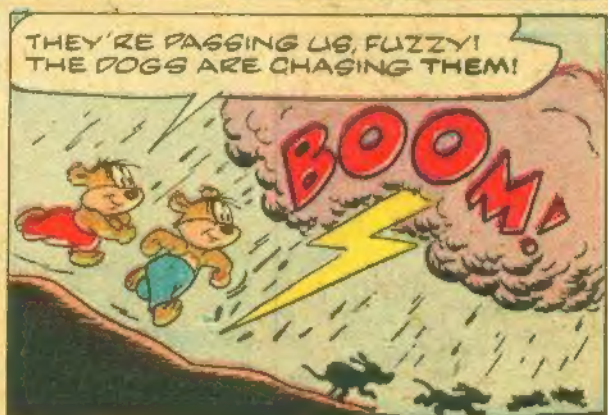
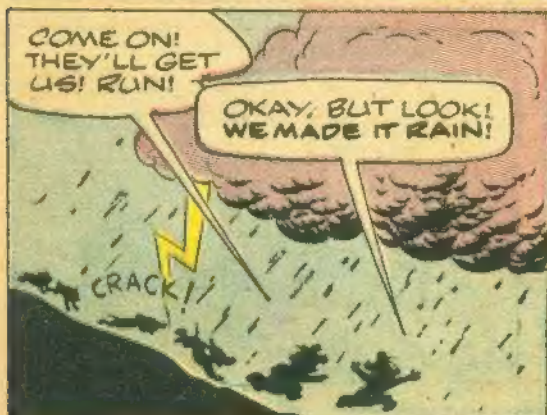
WE SURE HOPE
IT WORKS!

WORKS?
WHAT'RE YOU
DOIN' BREAKIN'
THE COLD SNAP?

NOPE, WE'RE
DRYIN' OUT
SOME ICE...

AND WHEN IT GETS GOOD AND
DRY, WE'LL PLANT IT IN A
CLOUD!

NO!
NOT AGAIN! SHADE!
SHADE! I'VE GOT TO
FIND SHADE!



HUNDRED PER CENT RAIN!
SHOWERS! FLOWERS! IT RHYMES!
A REAL RIPSNOTER!
YIPPEE!

HOLY COW! IT'S EVEN RAININ'
CATS AND DOGS!

HOW'S THAT FOR
RAIN MAKING
UNCLE BARNEY?

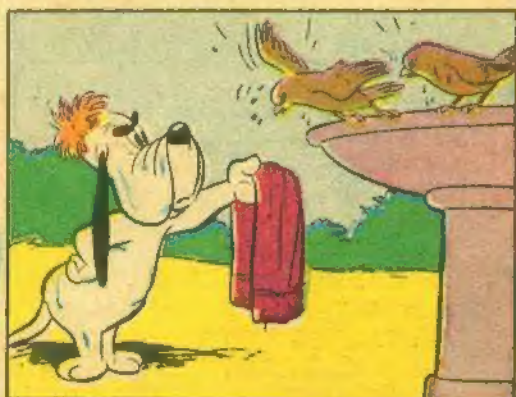
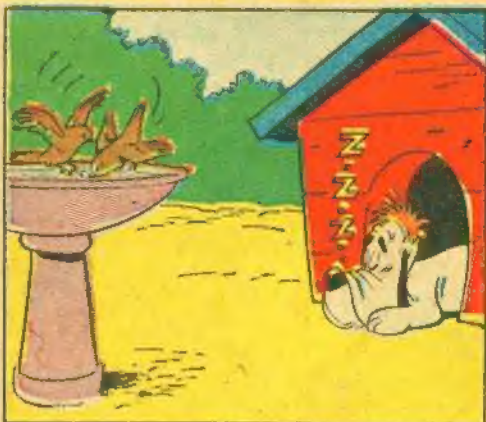
FINE, BOYS! OF
COURSE, IT MIGHT
HAVE RAINED
ANYWAY, YOU
KNOW!

MAYBE!
BUT IT MIGHT ALSO
HAVE RAINED
PITCHFORKS!

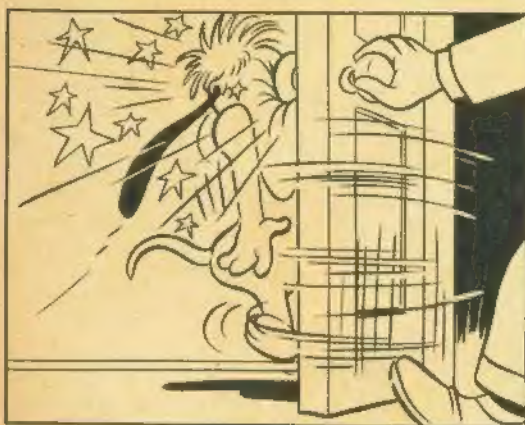
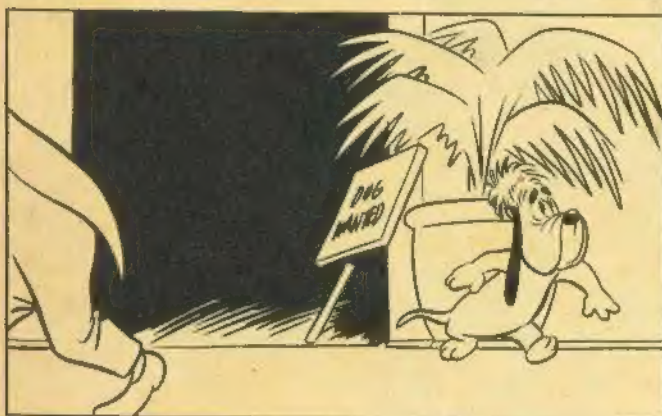
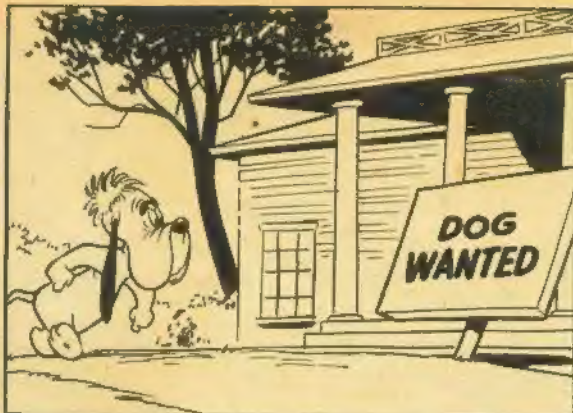
I GUESS
YOU'VE GOT
SOMETHING
THERE,
BOYS!


INSTEAD OF
CATS AND DOGS!

DROOPY



DOORY





PREACHER ROE

SPARKS

in Pitching Duel!

IT'S THE 14TH INNING OF A GRUELING PITCHER'S BATTLE, DODGERS LEAD 2 TO 1. BUT PREACHER ROE IS IN TROUBLE!....



WITH RUNNERS ON FIRST AND SECOND. 2 OUT! ROE WINDS UP!

PHEW! HOPE I'M NOT TIRING!



HURRY THROW IT! HE'S GONNA STEAL!

LOOK OUT! IT'S A PASSED BALL!




COME ON, PREACHER, SPARK IT UP!

SAFE!



3 BALLS 2 STRIKES! PAY-OFF PITCH COMING UP!

GOT ENOUGH LEFT FOR A FAST BALL? I'LL TRY!



STRIKE 3! YOU'RE OUT!

HOORAY! DODGERS WIN!

WOW! WHAT A SPARK!



GEE, SOME FAST BALL, PREACHER!

YEAH, AND IN THE 14TH INNING! HOW DO YOU DO IT?

KEEPING IN TRAINING, INCLUDING LOTS OF WHEATIES!



WHY?

FOR WHEAT POWER! AND THERE'S A WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE!



WHAT SPARKS AND CHAMPIONS CHOOSE WHEATIES! BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS!

A CHAMPION SPARKS YOU!